THE PATHOS OF LIFE

THE

PATHOS OF LIFE;

OR,

TOUCHING INCIDENTS ILLUSTRATIVE

OF THE

TRUTH OF THE GOSPEL.

BY

W. POOLE BALFERN.

Author of "Glimpses of Jesus," "The Beauty of the Great King," &c., &c.

London:

PASSMORE AND ALABASTER

4, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS.

1872.

PREFACE.

THE object of this book is partly to counteract the prevalent scepticism of the working classes, by calling their attention not to verbal arguments in favour of the Gospel simply, but to some touching and illustrative incidents of its work as they have transpired, for the most part among themselves. Believing, as the writer does, that a holy life is the best argument in proof of the truth of the Gospel, he cherishes the hope that some of the incidents here recorded, gaining the attention and reaching the hearts of some, his labours may not be in vain.

Subsidiary to this, the aim of the book is to stimulate Christians in general to loving *personal* efforts for Christ. The working classes will not be put down by force, kidnapped by condescension, or won by paid, perfunctionary agents. If they are to be reached at all, and saved from the crushing dangers of a spreading scepticism, it must be by those who, constrained by the love of Christ, will visit them, and show by their conduct that they have a heart to feel and a hand to help.

One thing is certain, mere law and force of themselves will not hold society together in the long run. The Gospel only can do this, and if Christians will only be true to this, and use

it as they ought, though the present in some respects may look dark, the future shall be theirs. Meanwhile all who wish to serve the interest of society in the highest sense, will do well to bear in mind the words of an able writer:

"Away from religion, apart from the providence of God, by whom all primary laws are enacted, all events arranged, and the validity of all natural feelings and desires guaranteed, there can be neither moral nor political right in any proper sense, nor, consequently, any moral or political obligation. Moral and political rights and duties must rest on the sanction of an Almighty and omniscient Lawgiver, or else moral rights and duties can only have a very imperfect foundation, and *political rights and duties can have no sort of foundation at all.*"
—Rev. W. R. Pirie, D.D.

CONTENTS.

The Old Woman's Sermon;

OR,

PRACTICAL PREACHING.

AN ADDRESS TO THE SCEPTICAL ARTISANS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE following anecdote was related a few weeks ago by a speaker at a public meeting:

The other day Mr. Bradlaugh was lecturing in a village in the north of England, and at the close he challenged discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman, in the most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said, "Sir, I have a question to put to you."

"Well, my good woman, what is it?"

"Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow with eight children, utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and my family. I am now tottering to the grave; but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That's what my religion has done for me; what has your way of thinking done for you?"

"Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort, but——"

"Oh, but that's not the question," interposed the woman; "keep to the point, sir; what has your way of thinking done for you?"

The infidel endeavoured to shirk the matter again; the feeling of the meeting found vent in uproarious applause, and Mr. Bradlaugh had to go away discomfited by an old woman."

"There is often a vague assumption that certain principles of natural light, involved and compacted by ethical science, might save our social state. But remember that society, without Christ, in its hilosophy, its literature, its art, its morals, obeyed a law of deterioration and decay. Without Him, it would have been sinking still."

"The natural religion, of which modern Mystics are so fond, and modern Peripatetics prattle, is not enough for them. It might possibly answer in the woods, or in some solitary cell, but let the boy go to the shop and the girl to school; let the young man travel to the city, and the young woman lend her ears to the flatteries of that silver-tongued sorceress, Society, and all this natural piety is like a silken thread held over a blazing furnace."

"We may baptise the interesting displays of our intermittent virtue with a Christian name, but they may yet contain no quality of Christ's peculiar virtue."

"Christian faith," says an American writer of genius, "is a grand cathedral with divinely-pictured windows. Standing *without*, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any: standing *within*, each ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendour."—*Nath. Hawthorne. Transformation.*

OPEN this address to you, my fellow-countrymen, as one of yourselves, and as having been a sceptic myself, and knowing something of the nearest way to rest of soul and the best evidence of the truth of Christianity. These two things will, I hope, be made plain to you on the perusal of the incidents here recorded; for the truth of which, for the most part, I am able myself to vouch. The nature of a tree may surely be known by the character of its fruits, and a religion which can do such work as is herein recorded, in the experience of both the rich and poor, young and old, learned and illiterate, is surely worthy of your careful attention, and will not be rudely jostled aside, or swept out of the universe by a straw. For ourselves, though we thus address you, and with a desire for your highest welfare, we have not, and never have had since we knew the power of the gospel, a doubt as to its ultimate victory. But many in the present day are seeking to undermine your faith in that old book which, while it is the charter of life and freedom to all, is especially the poor man's treasure and friend. Before giving up your faith in this book,

remember that faith in men is not faith in Christ; and in order to know Him and the character of His teaching, *give yourselves to Him*, regulate your life by His word—thus put Him to the *test* in the way *He directs*;* and in doing His will, you will discover who and what *He is* by what *He does for you*. This is really the only true way of knowing the truth, and this evidence is open to all; and it is best to leave all your other difficulties until you have tried this the more simple, accessible, and direct. It has the advantage, too, that each can try it *for himself*, without going to the teaching of man, or putting any creature in the place of God. God does not ask you to put any creature *between Himself* and your conscience, but to try the truth of His Book in *His own way*. "He that believeth," He says, "has the witness in himself." In all cases, it is best to begin with first principles, it is so here; the religion of Christ commences in *conviction of sin*; try this, and it is wonderful what simplicity and directness it will give to your efforts in reaching the truth. We know best what light is, practically, by opening our eyes, what air is by breathing it, what food is by eating it, and we know best what truth is by living it, and marking its effects in our hearts and lives. I never knew a drunkard saved from drunkenness, or a sensualist saved from his sensuality by the Word of God, who ever doubted its character, or that its source was God. The best evidence of Christianity, it has been said, is a holy life; it is so to others, nor less to those who live it. We need not go, therefore, to books, or priests, or ministers, but let each try Christianity in *this way* for himself; it is only fair we should do so, because the book *claims to be tried in this way*, and refuses to yield its highest evidence to either peasant or prince on any other terms.

We have always felt that the best evidence of the truth of the gospel is the character of Christ Himself. He is His own witness to the hearts of those who receive Him, and is best

* "If any man be willing to do His will, he shall know concerning the teaching, whether it is of God, or whether I speak from myself."—*Alford*.

known as thousands can testify by the work He does in us. And that the working-classes should, in many instances, give their assent to the deification of death and the gospel of despair; that doubt should become the object of their faith, and the graveyard the goal of life; has always seemed to me to be not only a cold creed, but an unreasonable one, and that men should turn away from Him who is The Life, and who has done more to elevate and bless man as man, and whose gospel is especially the poor man's charter of liberty, because the great code of righteousness—to follow mere "intellectual scavengers, who drive a mud-cart through the universe, to take us to a dust-bin"—has always seemed strange to the writer.

In Primitive times, we read, the common people heard Christ gladly. And, while the priests and others would have destroyed Him, it is written, "they feared the multitude." And why do not the poor and working-men hear Christ gladly now? He has not changed as tens of thousands can witness. Before transferring their allegiance to other masters, working-men, especially, will do well to remember what Christ has done for them. In the language of an eloquent writer,* "His whole life as a man was an infinitely impressive recognition of the essential equality of mankind on the basis of a common immortality and a common responsibility. The doctrine of caste in its every modification, whether as pride of birth, or of rank, or of wealth, or of culture, He tore up by the roots; not by reducing humanity, either at once or prospectively, to a dead level, but by piercing beneath every artificial distinction of class and costume, and recalling human relationships to the divinely-ordained scale of worth and capacity. 'The example of Christ,' it has been truly said, 'stands in marked contrast with the habits of all classes of men in His time. He does not seem to have thought of men as they stand in society, grouped in classes, separated or united by various customs, nor even as they were separated and classed by the result

* P. Bayne, M.A., The Testimony of Christ to Christianity.

of their moral conduct. He seems simply and quietly, but always, to have beheld them in their original and spiritual relations, to each other, to God, and to eternity.' Neander, who drank, perhaps, more deeply into the inner spirit of Christianity than any other man since the Apostolic age, dwells largely on the all-important fact that Christianity annihilates what he calls 'aristocratism' of antiquity. That aristocratism was displayed mainly in two ways—first, in the division of men into esoteric and exoteric circles—the few capable of refinement, and the many doomed to perpetual ignorance. Secondly, in the separation of political communities into a governing and a subject-class—into freemen and slaves. 'It was not till the word, that went forth from the carpenter's lowly roof, had been published by fishermen and tentmakers, that these aristocratic notions of the ancient world could be overthrown.' All that has ever been said in eloquence or in song of the majesty of man, as such dwindles into insignificance when placed in comparison with its practical proclamation in the spectacle of Jesus Christ, choosing as His disciples the fisherman and the publican, wandering homeless among the green hills of Judæa, and having as His audience the multitude."

And, because all this is true of Christ, and infinitely more, we are not afraid of the final result. In the language of the same writer:—"Chaos may not yet, in the moral world of humanity, have given place to cosmos, but God said, 'Let there be light,' and Christ has come, the Light of the world. Long ages may yet elapse before His beams have reduced the world to order and beauty, and clothed a purified humanity with light as with a garment. But He *has* come: the Revealer of the snares and chasms that lurk in darkness; the Rebuker of every evil thing that prowls by night; the Stiller of the storm-winds of passion; the Quickener of all that is wholesome; the Adorner of all that is beautiful; the Reconciler of contradictions; the Harmoniser of discords; the Healer of diseases; the Saviour from sin. He has come: the

Touch of truth, the Anchor of hope, the Pillar of faith, the Rock for strength, the Refuge for security, the Fountain for refreshment, the Vine for gladness, the Rose for beauty, the Lamb for tenderness, the Friend for counsel, the Brother for love. Jesus Christ has trod the world. The trace of the Divine footsteps were the footsteps of a man; the example of Christ is such as a man can follow. On! until mankind wears His image. On! towards yon summit on which stands, not an angel, not a dissembodied spirit, not an abstract of ideal and unattainable virtues, but the MAN CHRIST JESUS. It is something to have a clear margin left for effort, a clear possibility marked for improvement. When humanity has become like *His* humanity we may pause; we shall then be aware that the clouds above our head have beamed into unutterable beauty of heaven, and that the lilies of the field have glowed into immortal amaranths. May God Almighty hasten the consummation, and may we, with passionate, steady-burning, unquenchable ardour, strive to know and imitate Christ. Let us deliberately crown Him Lord of all. In practice and in speculation, in intellect and in affection, in the family circle, in the social throng, in the political enterprise, in the inmost recesses of our being, in the slightest outgoing of our activity, let Him reign perpetually, unreservedly, supremely!"

May these eloquent words never cease to embody the prayer of Englishmen. Under the triple banner of liberty, law, and religion—the religion of an open bible—all those great victories have been achieved, which have tended to bless and elevate us in the social scale and among the nations of the earth. Let but the palsied hand of a dreamy scepticism, materialism, or proletarian fury, drag it down to the mire of a theoretical libertinism, and the period of our ultimate decay and death is not far distant.

The True Gospel and where to see it.

"BEFORE we drop a theme like this, let us note more distinctly the significance of the glorious advent, and have our congratulations on it. This one perfect character has come into our world, and lived in it, filling all the moulds of action, all the terms of duty and love, with His own divine manners, works, and charities. All the conditions of our life are raised thus by the meaning He has shown to be in them, and the grace He has put upon them. The world itself is changed, and is no more the same as it was; it has never been the same since Jesus left it. The air is charged with heavenly odours, and a kind of celestial consciousness, or sense of other worlds, is wafted to us on its breath. Let the dark ages come, let society roll backward, and churches perish in whole regions of the earth, let infidelity deny, and, what is worse, let spurious piety dishonour the truth; still, there is something that has immortality in it. Still our confidence remains unshaken, that Christ and His all quickening life are in the world, as fixed elements, and will be to the end of time; for Christianity is not so much the advent of a better doctrine as of a perfect character; and how can a perfect character, once entered into life and history, be separated and finally expelled? It were easier to untwist all the beams of light in the sky, separating and expunging one of the colours, than for men to get *the character of Jesus, which is the real Gospel, out of the world.* Look ye hither in the meantime, all ye blinded and fallen of mankind, a better nature is among you, a pure heart out of some pure world has come into your prison and walks it with you. Do you require of us to show who He is, and definitely to expound His person? We may not be able. Enough to know that He is not of us —some strange being out of nature and above it, whose name is WONDERFUL. Enough that sin has never touched His

hallowed nature, and that He is a friend. In Him dawns a hope—purity has not come into our world, except to purify. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world!" Light breaks in, peace settles on the air, lo! the prison walls are giving way—rise, let us go."

Horace Bushnell, D.D.

Wouldst thou behold the gospel fair,
  Read its true meaning out?
Look not at churches, creeds or sects,
  Bewildered, lost in doubt;
The Gospel lives in Christ alone;
  Wouldst thou its beauty trace?
Then turn away from human eyes,
  And look in Jesus' face.

Thou need'st not burrow 'neath the earth,
  Nor soar into the skies;
The Gospel breathes from Jesus' lips,
  And shines in Jesus' eyes;
His actions spelt its beauty out,
  His words its meaning bring;
In Him its regal glories shine,
  Enthroned in Him its King.

The Gospel lives in one fair page,
  As light lives in the sun,
And by the love it freely sheds,
  Its victories are won;
This page is Christ the LIVING WORD,
  All other words shall die;
This WORD is suited to each heart,
  As light is to the eye.

Open your hearts to this sweet light,
  Pure, streaming down from heaven,
E'en as your eyes drink in the light,
  By God so freely given;
So shall your soul by truth made free,
  By faith brought home to rest,
Rise upwards to the light of day,
  In God for ever blest.

The Seraphic Prisoner; or, the Joy of Faith.

Mr. Rutherford was for some years Minister of Anwoth, but, in July, 1636, he was sentenced to be deprived of his Ministry, and to be confined in Aberdeen during King Charles' pleasure. In the year 1639, however, he returned to his flock. He died at St. Andrew's, where he had been appointed Professor of Divinity, on the 19th of March, 1661.

Upon any other supposition than that of the gospel being true we think it would be impossible for anyone to account for the unique and wonderful experience of the Seraphic Rutherford. Imprisoned for the truth's sake, his prison became a palace, every stone of which, to use his own language, became a gem, while his soul was transformed into the very temple of Christ's presence.

Let the sceptic try and account for this good man's experience from his own plane of thought and see what he can make of it.

I THINK, ay, the longer the better, of my royal and worthy Master; He is become a new beloved to me now, in renewed consolations, by the presence of the Spirit of grace and glory: Christ's garments smell of the powder of the merchant when he cometh out of his ivory chambers. O, His perfumed face, His fair face, His lovely and kindly kisses, have made me, a poor prisoner, see there is more to be had of Christ in this life than I believed. I am here in a fair prison. Christ is my sweet and honourable fellow-prisoner, and his sad and joyful Lord-prisoner (if I may speak so). I think this cross becometh me well, and is suitable to me, in respect of my duty, to suffer for Christ; howbeit, not in regard of my deserving to be thus honoured. However it be, I see Christ is strong, even lying in the dust in prison and in banishment. Losses and disgraces are the wheels of Christ's triumphing chariot.

As I am in bonds for my high and lofty One, my royal and princely Master, my Lord Jesus, so I am in bonds for you, for

I should have slept in my warm nest, and kept the fat world in my arms, and the cords of my tabernacle being fastened more strongly, I might have sung an evangel of ease to my soul.

I have gotten the wale and choice of Christ's crosses, even the tithe and the flower of the gold of all crosses, to bear witness to the truth, and herein find I liberty, joy, access, life, comfort, love, faith, submission, patience, and resolution to take delight in waiting; and with all in my race, He hath come near me and let me see the gold and crown.

When I think upon the sparrows and swallows that build their nests in the kirk of Anwoth, and of my dumb Sabbaths, my sorrow bleared eyes look asquint upon Christ, and present Him as angry. But, in this trial, all honour to our princely and royal king, faith saileth fair before the wind with topsail up, and carrieth the poor passenger through.

I have seen that my Lord hath made my cross, as if it were all crystal, so as I can see through it Christ's fair face and heaven, and that God hath honoured a lump of sinful flesh and blood, the like of me, to be Christ's honourable Lord prisoner.

I ought to esteem the walls of the thieves' hole, all hung with tapestry, and most beautiful for my Lord Jesus; and yet, I am not so shut up, but that the sun shineth upon my prison, and the fair wide heaven is the covering of it. But, my Lord in his sweet visits hath done more, for He makes me find that He will be a confined prisoner with me; He lieth down, and riseth up with me; when I sigh He sigheth; when I weep He suffereth with me.

He loved me before this time, I know; but now I have the flower of His love; His love has come to a fair bloom, like a young rose opened out of the green leaves, and it casteth a strong and fragrant smell. I want nothing but ways of expressing Christ's love. A full vessel would have a vent.

For myself, I am as well as Christ's prisoner can be; for by Him I am master and king of all my crosses: I am above the prison, and the lash of men's tongues; Christ triumpheth in

me. I have been casten down, and heavy with fears, and hunted with challenges; I was swimming in the depths, but Christ had His hand under my chin all the time, and took good heed that I should not loose breath; and now, I have gotten my feet again, and there are love-feasts of joy, and spring-tides of consolation betwixt Christ and me.

O, that the Almighty would lay my cause in a balance and weigh me, if my soul was not taken up, when others were sleeping, how to have Christ betrothed as a bride, in that part of the land! But the day that my mouth was most unjustly and cruelly closed, the bloom fell off my branches, and my joy did cast the flower; howbeit, I have been casting myself under Christ's feet, and wrestling to believe under a hidden and covered Lord; yet, my fainting cometh before I eat, and my faith hath bowed with the sore cast, and this almost insupportable weight.

The witnesses of my cross are but strangers to my sad days and nights. O, that Christ would let me alone, and speak love to me, and come home to me, and bring summer with Him! O, that I might preach His beauty and glory, as once I did, before my clay-tent be removed to darkness, and that I might lift Christ off the ground; and my branches might be watered with the dew of God, and my joy in His work might grow green again, and bud, and send out a flower! But I am but a short-sighted creature, and my candle casteth not light afar off.

He knoweth all that is done to me, how that when I had but one joy and no more, and one green flower, that I esteemed to be my garland, He came in one hour and dried up my flower at the root, and took away mine only eye, and mine only one crown and garland. What can I say? Surely my guiltiness hath been remembered before Him, and He was seeking to take down my sails, and to land the flower of my delights, and to let it lie on the coast, like an old broken ship, that is no more for the sea.

Upon my salvation, I know and am persuaded, it is for God's

truth, and the honour of King and royal Prince Jesus, I now suffer. And, howbeit, this town be my prison, yet Christ hath made it my palace, a garden of pleasures, a field and orchard of delights.

My one joy, next to the flower of my joys, Christ, was to preach my sweetest, sweetest Master, and the glory of his kingdom, and it seemed no cruelty to them, to put out the poor man's one eye. And now I am seeking about to see if suffering will speak my fair One's praises; and I am trying if a dumb man's tongue can raise one note, or one of Zion's springs, to advance my Well-Beloved's glory. Oh, if He would make some glory to Himself out of a dumb prisoner!

A king dineth with me, and his spikenard casteth a sweet smell; the Lord my witness is above that I write my heart to you. I never knew, by nine years' preaching, so much of Christ's love, as He hath taught me in Aberdeen by six months' imprisonment.

Now for mine own case, I think some poor body would be glad of a dated prisoner's leavings. I have no scarcity of Christ's love. He hath wasted more comforts upon His poor banished servant, than would have refreshed many souls. My burden was once so heavy, that one ounce-weight would have casten the balance, and broken my back; but Christ said, hold, hold, to my sorrow and hath wiped a bluthered face, which was foul with weeping.

Oh, that I could hold the crown upon my Princely King's head with my sinful arm, howbeit it should be stroke from me in that service from the shoulder blade; but my closed mouth, my dumb sabbaths, the memory of my communion with Christ, in many fair, fair days in Anwoth (whereas now my Master getteth no service of my tongue, as then) hath almost broken my faith in two halves; yet, in my deepest apprehensions of His anger, I see through a cloud that I am wrong, and He in love to my soul hath taken up the controversy betwixt faith and apprehensions, and a decree is past on Christ's side of it, and I subscribe the decree.

I know, as night and shadows are good for flowers, and moonlight and dews are better than a continual sun; so is Christ's absence of special use, and it hath some nourishing virtue in it, and giveth sap to humility, and putteth an edge on hunger, and furnisheth a fair field to faith to put forth itself, and to exercise its fingers in gripping it, it seeth not what.

For I think my cross so sweet, that I know not where I could get the like of it. Christ's honeycombs drop so abundantly, that they sweeten my gall. Nothing breaketh my heart, but that I cannot get the daughters of Jerusalem, to tell them of my Bridegroom's glory; I charge you, in the name of Christ, that ye tell all ye come to of it; and yet it is above telling and understanding.

I would ye had spoke more to me, who stand in need. I find Christ, as ye write, aye the longer the better, and, therefore, cannot but rejoice in His salvation, who hath made my chains my wings, and hath made me a king over my crosses, and over my adversaries. Glory, glory, glory to His high, high and holy name. Not one ounce, not one grain-weight more is laid on me, than He hath enabled me to bear.

I have experience to speak this. For I would not exchange my prison and sad nights, with the court, honour and ease of my adversaries. My Lord is pleased to make many unknown faces to laugh upon me, and to provide a lodging for me. And He Himself visiteth my soul with feasts of spiritual comforts. O, how sweet a Master is Christ! Blessed are they who lay down all for Him.

O, how heavenly a thing is it to be dead and dumb and deaf to this world's sweet music! I confess it hath pleased His Majesty to make me laugh at children, who are wooing this world for their match. I see men lying about the world, as nobles about a king's court; and I wonder what they are all doing there.

As I am at this present, I would scorn to court such a reckless and petty princess, or buy this world's kindness with a bow

of my knee. I scarce now either hear or see what it is that this world offereth me; I know it is little it can take from me and as little it can give me. I recommend mortification to you above anything.

For alas, we but chase feathers flying in the air, and tire our own spirits, for the froth and over-gilded clay of a dying life. One sight of what my Lord hath let me see, within this short time, is worth a world of worlds.

There will be shortly a proclamation by one standing in the clouds, that time shall be no more, and that court with kings of clay shall be no more; and prisons, confinements, forfeitures of nobles, wrath of kings, hazard of lands, houses, and name, for Christ, shall be no more. This world's span-length of time is drawn now to less than half-an-inch, and to the point of the evening of the day of this old and grey-haired world; and, therefore, be fixed and fast for Christ and His truth for a time, and fear not him whose life goeth out at his nostrils, who shall die as a man.

In bonds for my sweet Master,
  My Princely Lord and King,
My heart remains His temple,
  Its homage still doth bring;
O high and lofty Holy One,
  With Thee I'm not alone,
My prison is Thy palace,
  And this poor heart Thy throne.

O, sweet the bonds which bind me,
  And bid my heart go free,
My chains are love's sweet bondage
  Which holds my heart to Thee;
O, but for this wild tempest
  My soul had lost its rest,
Content with this world's music,
  Asleep in its warm nest.

But O, when first I came here,
  Clouds thick and dark would lower,
My bloom fell off my branches,
  My joy it cast its flower;

Of bitterness and wormwood,
  My soul has had its fill,
Refusing mercy's cordial,
  My heart would not be still.

My one green flower had withered
  And dried up at the root,
My faith all dry and sapless
  Could yield no welcome fruit;
Mid storms of sorrow raging,
  Love's port I could not see,
Like ship all wrecked and broken
  I drifted o'er the sea.

When thinking o'er my feast days
  The tempest would come in,
I wondered, I was silenced,
  By cruelty and sin;
The blossom of my flower—
  My joys were all in one,
To preach my lovely Master,
  And this my joy was gone.

To me the kirk at Anwoth
  Was fairest of the fair,
While the music of the gospel
  My heart made gladsome there;
But now the birds are building
  Within the House of God,
And I am dumb and silent
  Beneath the Master's rod.

Then floods of sorrow rolling
  Would overwhelm my soul,
Mad waves of anguish rising,
  And spurning all control;
O, said I in my darkness,
  Would that my Lord would come,
And bring His summer with Him
  And take His prisoner home!

O, might I preach His beauty
  E'er this clay-tent depart,
My branches would be watered,
  God's dew upon my heart;
O, that my hands though feeble
  Might lift Christ from the ground,
My bud of joy would blossom,
  And throw its sweets around.

Thus spake I in this prison,
  My eyes with sorrow dim,
I looked around all vainly
  To catch a glimpse of Him;
My royal Lord and Master
  Who often veils His face
In clouds of darkness hiding,
  That we may seek His grace

O, what a sweet evangel
  Of ease my soul had sung,
But for these veils of sorrow
  And harp on willow hung;
But now how fair my prison,
  The Master ever near,
His love hath healed my sorrow
  And wiped away each tear.

My loss for Him is wealthy,
  Now faith can see Him near;
He makes my grief His chariot,
  To bring His prisoner cheer;
Through sorrow Christ renews us,
  And brightens His sweet face,
As we through clouds and sunshine
  His beauty strive to trace.

My heart of all repining
  My Master has relieved;
O, there is more in Jesus
  Than faith hath e'er received;

He comes with fragrant garments
  And sweet perfumed face,
We, through His very brightness,
  His glory dimly trace.

We need the night's dark shadows,
  The moonlight and the dew,
To give an edge to hunger,
  And bring Christ's love to view;
But now my Master's comforts,
  All other comfort gone,
All things in Him possessing
  Have raised me to a throne.

Now I have got of crosses
  The very chief and best,
And the hand of kingly sorrow
  Has led my heart to rest;
Christ loved me aforetime,
  But now His love doth bloom,
Its tender leaves unfolding
  Amid the winter's gloom.

My cross is made of crystal,
  My cell the home of love,
I see the wide-spread heavens
  All bright and fair above;
I'm master of my crosses,
  My Lord makes me a king,
Dead to the world's vain music
  As here I sit and sing.

My Lord is ever with me,
  He sigheth when I sigh,
And when I weep He weepeth,
  And brings His comforts nigh;
With me at eve He lieth
  And giveth me sweet sleep;
With me at morn He riseth,
  My heart doth ever keep.

To this world's painted kindness
  I cannot bow the knee,
What is this gilded clay-life
  The pageants which we see;
We strive to catch at feathers
  In sight of mercy's door,
And die mid life and plenty,
  To prove that we are poor.

The world's span length is waning,
  The day is grey and old,
Its clay kings, too, are passing.
  Death soon will have one fold;
My Lord in clouds appeareth,
  The darkness flies away,
O, welcome blessed Master!
  O, welcome break of day!

A Poor King; or, John Bunyan in Prison.

If we would rightly see and appreciate the influence of the gospel in the hand of the Divine Spirit in quickening a great soul; if we would contemplate the spiritual opulence and blessedness which, in spite of circumstances, it can bring into the heart; we must become diligent students of the poor Tinker—the Immortal Dreamer, as he has been rightly named; and let us remember that, for aught we know, the genius of John Bunyan would never have been known to us but for that gospel which touched his heart and made it the very presence chamber of the King of kings. Of one of the books written by this illustrious author—the "Pilgrim's Progress"—Mr. Cowtan, in his interesting book, "Memories of the British Museum," says:—

"There are no less than 175 various editions in our language of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' in the Museum Library, as well as twenty-nine copies of the work in other languages, including Arabic, Bengalee, Danish, Dutch, French, Gaelic, German, Maori, the peasant dialect of Norway, Oriyá, Modern Greek, and Russian. The entries in the general catalogue under the head of Bunyan are 548. Mr. Cowtan regrets that the first edition of the immortal allegory is not among the literary treasures in the Museum. Only one copy of this edition is known to be in existence; and it forms part of the private library of Mr. H. S. Holford, of Weston Birt House, Tetbury, Gloucestershire. This unique little volume was discovered some years since in a nobleman's library, and, judging from its appearance, had never been read. It is clear and perfect, and in the original binding. Mr. George Offor spent twelve months in editing the valuable reprint of this first edition of 1678 for the Hanserd Knollys Society. The second edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' published in 1678, and the third, published in the following year, are very rare, and are both to be found in the National Library. While on the subject of Bunyan bibliography, I may mention the fact that there is an illustrated edition in Chinese of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' in which Christian appears with a pig-tail! Nor can I resist quoting a paragraph from an article on 'Nomenclature,' which was recently printed in the *Saturday Review*:

"No writer has been more successful in his nomenclature than Bunyan. What would the 'Pilgrim's Progress' be with Greek or German substitutes—such names as satisfy modern allegory—for his Delectable Mountains; his Giant Despair; his Slough of Despond; his Much-afraid, Ready-to-Halt, By-ends, Maul, Great-Heart, Steadfast, My Lord Turn-about, My Lord Time-Server, Mr. Facing-both-Ways, and the rest of that animated company. A good name comes with a flash; this is the secret of its success with us. No name in Bunyan is an after-thought. The quality, the Christian grace, the virtue, or the vice which he would impersonate, takes form and name with him at the same instant of time. *This happy fearlessness owes much, no doubt, to his ignorance of polite literature and canons of taste: he goes the straighter to his point, and is sublime or homely in equal unconsciousness.* If his allegory wants a public-house sign, he puts the

idea he would express, in the most familiar form and language he can hit upon.—At the 'Sign of the Reprobate,' or at the 'Sign of the Conscience Seared with a Hot Iron;' because, under such influences, his sinner can sink from bad to worse with the greater and more intelligible precipitancy. But this style cannot be imitated without offence. By the width and daring of his range, Bunyan has secured to himself in perpetuity the field of religious allegory in the English tongue."

The Christian world is indebted to Dr. Cheever for a beautiful picture of Bunyan's devotional exercise in his cell.

"It is evening, he finishes his work to be taken home by his dear blind child. He reads a portion of Scripture, and, clasping her small hands in his, kneels on the cold stone floor and pours out his soul to God; then, with a parting kiss, dimisses her to her mother.

"The rude lamp glimmers on the table; with his bible, pen, and paper, he writes as though joy did make him write. His face is lighted as from the radiant jasper walls of the Celestial City. He clasps his hands, looks upwards, and blesses God for His goodness. The last you see of him is alone, kneeling on the prison floor—he is alone with God.

"Nor did he, while in prison, spend his time in a supine and careless manner, nor eat the bread of idleness; for there I have been witness that his own hands have ministered to his necessities, making many hundred gross of long-tagged laces, to fill up the vacancies of his time."

"When they do talk of banishment,
Of death or such-like things;
Then to me God sends *heart's content*,
That like a fountain springs.

Though they say that we are fools,
Because we here do lie;
I answer gaols are Christ, His school,
In them we learn to die.

Here come the angels, here come saints,
Here comes the Spirit of God,
To comfort us in our restraints,
Under the wicked's rod.

God sometimes visits prisons more
Than lordly palaces;
He often knocketh at our door,
When He their houses miss."

Prison meditations. JOHN BUNYAN.

The evening came with veiled face,
And from her shelt'ring wing
Shook down with unobstrusive grace
Such peace as angels sing;
A flickering lamp sent forth its ray,
But scarce dispelled the gloom,
But O, a light more bright than day
Lived in that silent room;
Light, brighter far than crowns the hills,
Or tints with joy earth's flowing rills.

A king was there, his glory veiled,
In that cell mean and cold;
There lived a sorrow unrevealed
Like one despised of old;
Within all light, without all dark,
The man is hidden now;
But God had set His own bright mark
Upon his regal brow;
What power on earth can love restrain,
This prisoner in his cell *must* reign.

And yet he works! his fingers move,
His daily task they ply;
While yet his mind inspired by love
Weaves thoughts which ne'er can die.
The day's work done, he calls his dove,
And draws his blind child near,
Kisses her face with tender love
And—leaves behind a tear!
In prayer he asks that help may come
To guide his helpless treasure home.

And now alone, all silent, calm,
His faith its manna brings,
His soul contented trills its psalm
In rapture soars and sings;

Without, enwrapped in darkest night,
  Lies hid the prisoner's cell;
But O, within, what heavenly light!
  Christ knew this dungeon well;
There lies his child on mercy's breast,
Oft hushed by angels' wings to rest.

Yet not to sleep or dream alone;
  On wings of faith he soars,
With angel hosts before God's throne
  He worships and adores;
To yonder fount which ever flows,
  And feeds Life's City fair,
He upward speeds, and burns and glows,
  And seeks refreshment there;
O King of Dreams, of dreams most fair,
How real thy joys thy raptures were.

O city of delight, most fair,
  Jerusalem the blest!
Unrivalled all thy beauties are,
  The pilgrim's home and rest;
Adown love's pathway pure and bright,
  And spurning all control,
Ye floated once a sweet delight
  Into an outcast's soul;
O Vision blest! O dawn of peace!
O come and bid *our* conflicts cease!

O kingly soul! shut out from strife,
  And fed neath sorrow's wing,
That so thy faith nursed into life
  To us for aye might sing;
The songs of earth thou couldst not hear,
  For thee her light was dim,
But heaven's own voices filled thy ear
  With songs of seraphim;
O Godlike soul! to thee in prison,
A universe of love was given.

O wouldst thou know a human soul,
  See it arrayed in truth,
Behold it freed from sin's control,
  Clothed with immortal youth;
Wouldst thou behold it bathed in light,
  The throne room of its king,
While all its powers put on their might,
  And their glad homage bring;
Then in his cell God's pilgrim see,
A king 'mong kings, great, noble, free!

The Blind Child; or, the Soliloquy of a Great Heart.

JOHN BUNYAN severely felt the infirmities of nature. Parting with his wife and children he described as the pulling the flesh from the bones. "I saw I was as a man who was pulling down his house upon the head of his wife and children; yet, thought I, I must do it." His feelings were peculiarly excited by the thoughts of his poor blind Mary. "O the thoughts of the hardships my poor blind one might go under would break my heart to pieces."

O child of many tears and prayers,
  O'er thee shall I repine,
E'en though my eyes through many tears
  Are almost blind as thine?
Ah, no! and yet my heart it weeps,
For thee an anxious vigil keeps.

I sink in utter helplessness
  While looking in thine eyes;
My spirits droop, my faith it fails,
  And all my courage flies.
Poor child, how helplessness endears,
While filling oft our eyes with tears.

I sit and watch thee, helpless one,
  Through long, sad, pensive hours;
For thee no vernal sun shall shine,
  Nor summer weave her bowers:
O who thy trembling feet would guide,
Should I be taken from thy side?

The very movements of thy feet
  Are music to my ear,
And all thy timid shrinking ways
  To love do but endear;
Still, O my child, thy loss of sight
Must ever leave a starless night.

Love ever seeks to bless its own;
  Though poor and scant her fare,
Her heart with sympathetic love
  Divides to each a share;
'Tis love, dear child, which makes us free—
This, all I have, I give to thee!

'Twas in my heart to work for thee,
  To shield thy helpless form,
To nurse thee as a tender plant,
  And hide thee from each storm;
But now this hope seems far away,
My faith can only weep and pray.

What can I do for thee, my child,
  A prisoner of the Lord?
My hands are tied, my voice is dumb,
  My only wealth God's word;
O master, make me brave and true,
Thy love still help me to pursue!

O God, Thy knife it pierces deep,—
  My quivering flesh it tears;
O look upon my helpless child!
  O hear her many tears!
Help me to help this poor, blind child,
Cast out upon life's wayside wild.

O Thou who art enthroned in light,
  Whose eyes for ever see,
Jesus, the darkness and the light
  Are both alike to Thee;
To whom in sorrow can I go?
Who but Thyself can heal my woe?

O pitying Lord! O changeless Love!
  Whose word brings life and light;
Thou who didst make the deaf to hear,
  And gave the blind their sight;
Now from my darkness set me free,
Help me to leave my child with Thee!

Hear me, O Saviour, in my need!
  Jesus, my Lord and King!
I cannot give my poor child sight;
  Her soul to Thee I bring;
O Master, bless her! make her Thine!
O let Thy love within her shine!

'Tis for Thy truth I languish here,
  More dear to me than life;
For Thee I gird life's armour on,
  Nor shrink from toil or strife;
One thing I ask—I leave the rest—
My lamb! O take her to Thy breast!

The Pillory; or, the Joy of Fidelity.

"IF God of His mercy should choose me to go upon the forlorn hope. * * * I have determined, the Almighty God being my help and shield, yet to suffer, if frail life might continue so long, even until the moss shall grow over mine eyebrows, rather than to violate my faith and principles."—*John Bunyan.*

Incident in the Life of Henry Burton, who suffered for the Truth in the reign of Charles the First.

After the censure, which was deprivation, degradation, standing on the pillory two hours, loss of both ears by the hangman, five thousand pound fine to the King, perpetual close imprisonment in the Castle of Lancaster, restraint of all use of pen, ink, and paper, I was brought back to my close prison in the Fleet (June 14th, 1637), where I waited till the day of execution, which was the last day of June. In the interim, my wife, with Mrs. Bastwick, plied the King with their pitiful complaining petitions and deprecations, for the taking off, or at least the mitigating of the execution; but a little before the day came, a voice was heard in the Star-Chamber, uttered by the Attorney-General: that it was the King's pleasure, the censure of those three men should be executed to the uttermost; so as the execution proved to be as void of mercy, as the censure was of justice. The night before the execution, I did, as before the censure, address myself by earnest prayer for Divine support in the acting of that tragedy upon the scaffold of public reproach. Filled I was with exceeding alacrity of truly heroical and Christianly magnanimous resolution. My two supporters (next under God) were, the nobleness and pure innocency of the cause, and the uprightness and integrity of my conscience. With these, I went on foot the next morning from the Fleet to the place of execution at Westminster, far better guarded than with those many halberds and weapons that attended me. My wife had the favour to go all along with me, going together with this equipage, as to the celebration of our marriage. When I came in sight of the pillory, my spirit was mightily cheered, and my heart raised up to a higher pitch of joy. I said to one, a little before my going up to the pillory, "I shall this day preach down Antichrist in the pillory." "And say nothing," replied he. "Yea," said I, "and say nothing." This was omitted in the relation forementioned. All the while I stood in the pillory, I thought myself to be in heaven

and in a state of glory and triumph, if any such state can possibly be on earth. I found those words of Peter verified on me in the pillory: "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you, which on their part is blasphemed, but on yours glorified." For my rejoicing and glory was so great all the while, without intermission, in the pillory, that I can no more express it, than Paul could his ravishments in the third heaven; so as I could best, and most truly say, "Amen" to those words of a godly woman, going along in the troop near Charing Cross, at my return from banishment to London, which God was also pleased to clothe with so great glory. She said to me, "Oh, sir, this is a glorious wedding-day." To whom I replied, "It is, indeed, blessed be God." "Aye," said she; "but your wedding-day on the pillory was much more glorious." I, admiring the woman's speech, answered, "It is indeed most true, good woman; blessed be our God."

After the execution, I was carried again the same day to my Fleet Prison, where mine ears, after the chirurgeon's blood-letting, were a-healing till towards the end of July, when, before they were quite healed, I was hastened away to Lancaster, July 28th [1637].

Our fathers were no carpet knights
  Upon a smooth-cut lawn;
They scaled the breach and faced the foe,
  And led a hope forlorn.

The legacy of truth they left,—
  The treasure of the years:
The right to read God's word and think,
  They bought with blood and tears.

And if we, recreant to our trust,
  This costly treasure spurn,
O well may Freedom veil her face,
  With shame and anger burn.

O England, rise! hold fast God's word!
  Awake and teach our youth
To love those heroes of the night,
  Who held the torch of truth.

The Christian's Rhineland Watch.

WE watch our Rhine, God's sweetest gift,
The river of His truth;
The stream whence age must fetch its cheer,
The glory of our youth;
Then let us watch it, young and old:
This crystal stream prize more than gold.

We'll watch this stream; it issues forth
From God's own jasper throne;
Here we our thirst will ever slake,
And drink from it alone.
Thus drinking, watch we night and day;
None shall divert this stream away.

We'll watch this stream; for on its banks
Christ's warriors bravely stand,
And the blood of many a red cross knight
Has crimsoned o'er its strand;
Mid wounds and strife, war's lurid glow,
They fell, that this pure stream might flow.

We'll watch this stream; for foes are near,
To taint it at its source;
And still war struggles on its banks
With thunders loud and hoarse;
Here faith oft faints and pants for breath,
And grapples hard with sin and death.

We'll watch this stream; for 'tis the bound
Of heaven, wide-spreading here;
And toil we, fight we,—never yield,—
To keep its water clear;
Clear as the fount which feeds the rills
In fatherland, beyond the hills.

We'll watch this stream; it guards our home,
Our house and rest above;
And on its crystal bosom bears
The Ark of Jesu's love.
By this, then, we will stand or fall:
Our Rhine of Truth,—this is our all.

We'll watch this stream; its waters clear
  Are free to all who come,—
Free as the sunlight and the air,
  The stream which bears us home.
Come! by this stream let all be bold:
Our birthright never shall be sold!

Men may come forth to foul this stream,
  But o'er us they shall pass:
'Tis more to us than ritualist,
  The church, the priest, or mass;
Our Fathers bled to keep this stream;
To us its virtues are no dream.

O sacred stream, beside whose flow
  "The Man of Sorrows" wept,
Whose plaintive music cheered His heart
  While love her vigil kept;
O living stream, still greet our ear,
And to the end our spirits cheer!

O soldiers of *this* Rhineland—watch!
  Though weary in the fight;
Behold the light it gilds the hills!—
  Passes the long sad night!
See! see! bright streaks on yonder shore!
Lo! morning breaks! we watch no more.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon; or, the Old Question and its Answer.

MANY in the present day who have cast themselves off from the old moorings are still asking, like one of old, What is truth? And we think that Charles Haddon Spurgeon and his work is a fair answer to this question—and we quote him simply as a *fact* near and accessible to all, and God speaks to us by facts as well as by words; by what He *does* as well as by what He *says*. We, however, often lose the significance

of God's facts by looking at them under the influence of our *own ideals*—and thinking more of what we *like* than of what God *means*, and thus we lose the truth of that which claims our attention. It is not sufficient, then, that we ask simply, What is truth? the *spirit* in which we put the question often determines it beforehand; for, with the scornful God will show Himself scornful, with the meek He will show Himself meek. We say, then, that the life, labours, and success of Charles Haddon Spurgeon is a practical answer from God to the question, What is truth? if by truth is meant that which comes from God—that which quickens the soul—that which brings peace to the conscience, delivers from the power of sin, and strengthens and elevates the entire character.

It will be recollected that, in the year 1853, when Mr. Spurgeon was but nineteen years of age, he came up to London a poor and unknown youth to preach his first sermon to a small audience in New Park Street Chapel. Most are familiar with the history of this great preacher since that period; how the chapel speedily became too small for the increasing congregation, and had to be enlarged, and still continuing too straitened, the congregation adjourned to Exeter-hall, from thence to the Surrey Gardens Music-hall. How the Metropolitan Tabernacle was built and paid for and has continued full ever since; how its church members are counted not simply by hundreds but by thousands; how a college has been started to fit young men for the Christian ministry, and hundreds have gone forth to preach Christ and Him crucified, many with great success; how the sale of Mr. S.'s sermons is unprecedented, their circulation, through various translations, extending nearly over the greater part of the world; and how, through the same instrumentality, an Orphanage has been established at Stockwell, in which many orphans are clothed, fed, and educated. We know there are many who would admit the truth of all we have said; but their reply would be that the originality, spontaneous wealth and power of the preacher would account for the whole, to which we reply for the whole of *what?*

That crowds have been brought together, money has come in, buildings have been erected, fame has been achieved it may be; but would the things mentioned *of themselves* and *apart* from that gospel which ever has been, and is still, preached, and which is said to be "the power of God unto salvation in the case of all who believe"—account for the *moral* results—that the dead have been made to live, the drunkard made sober, the thief honest, the impure pure; these are our witnesses, Mr. Spurgeon would say, and we call upon those, who deny the truth of the gospel we preach, to produce similar results, by the most efficient and eloquent instrumentality.

We have called attention to the fact of Mr. Spurgeon's work as illustrative of the truth and power of the gospel, (1) because it is not a thing hid in the dim and distant past, gathering dignity, importance, and sublimity *from* the dimness and the distance; (2) because the facts which lie near to us, however illustrative, instructive, and worthy of attention, are generally overlooked; we seldom value the teaching of persons or things until they are taken from us; human nature still makes its pilgrimages to death shrines and garnishes the tombs of the prophets, closing its ear to the living voices of truth surrounding its path; (3) because God embodies *a meaning* in all the *facts* surrounding us relating more especially to *truth* and *error* and will hold us *accountable* for the uses we make of those facts. We say, then, that those who deny the truth of the gospel are bound to account for the moral results which ever follow more or less its proclamation. We put our cause without fear upon the old challenge—"the God that answers by fire"—the fire of spiritual influence, conviction of sin, purification and victory over self and the world, let him be God! And the working classes, especially before giving up Christ and His words, and choosing other masters and systems of human invention, will do well to remember that what the gospel has done without human aid and patronage in the experience, life, and work of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the boy preacher, as he used to be termed, once poor, obscure, and unknown, it can

do in the experience of others, and that great and transcendent as the blessings are which it brings to all who receive it, they are communicated as freely as the light of the sun; and are alike the heritage of the poor and the rich, the high and the low, without distinction of birth, estate, or position, and that still the old truth holds good that he who of old chose his apostles from fishermen, taxgatherers and tent-makers still chooses "the poor, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom."

The age was getting wise,
  The gospel waxing old,
And many followed Christ
  With hearts both dead and cold;
Truth hid her scars, alas! too real,
And wept o'er wounds she could not heal.

Some said it would not do
  To preach the naked truth,
The eagle now had lost
  Its vigour and its youth,
Its eye of fire—its day had past,
When high it soared 'mid stormy blast.

Others said gospel notes
  Have lost their power to cheer,
And other music now
  Must gain the public ear.
God called a boy unknown to fame,
While thousands wondered whence he came.

"Boy! touch My harp," said God,
  "I'll breathe upon its strings;"
When lo! such notes sprang forth
  As when an angel sings;
A nation almost stooped to hear
The ringing notes so sweet and clear.

'Twas strange to see that youth
  As he stood up to play,

To mark his fingers move
  And all the strings obey;
And yet not strange, their supple ease
Sprang from a faith which God would please.

Oh, 'twas a wondrous sight,
  To see that comely boy,
Bold, earnest, simple, fresh,
  Lit up with holy joy,
With silver trumpet tones ring forth
The Saviour's love, the Saviour's worth.

To see his happy face
  Mid crowds of young and old,
To mark his living words
  Seize sinners dead and cold,
To see them rise in their embrace
The trophies of victorious grace.

To see the rich and poor,
  The high as well as low,
Excited all alike
  And heaving to and fro;
Oh, what sweet notes each ear doth fill
The boy unconscious of his skill!

We have some lessons here,
  Our ear the Master seeks,
Oh, may we hear His voice,
  And listen while He speaks;
"Preach thou My gospel without fear,
And I will make the deaf to hear."

Wouldst thou reach human hearts?
  Let faith and love inspire,
These, these must move thy lips
  And clothe thy words with fire;
Be much with Christ, preach 'neath His eye,
So shall thy preaching never die.

If God's own words have power
  To renovate the soul,
To loose the bonds of guilt,
  Each passion to control;
Then let each hide them in his heart,
And from the gospel never part.

George Müller; or, the Power of Faith.

WHO is there that has not heard of Mr. George Müller and of his wonderful Orphan Houses on Ashley Down?

The spirit which actuated Mr. Müller, and the object he had in view in commencing and carrying on his great work through which many thousands of poor orphans have found the blessing of a Christian home, is stated by himself in the following few simple words. "I began the orphan work in 1835, as may be seen at full length in my narrative, where I state the reasons which led to it, my chief object was the glory of God, by giving a practical demonstration as to what could be accomplished simply through the instrumentality of prayer and faith, in order thus to benefit the church of Christ at large, and to lead a careless world to see the REALITY of the things of God, by showing them in this work that the LIVING GOD is still, as 4,000 years ago, the living God. This, my aim, has been abundantly honoured;" and to what extent, the reader will be able to judge when he is informed that the whole amount of contributions received by Mr. Müller for the work of the Lord in his hands, without asking an individual for a penny, is upwards of FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS!

In the face of this work, accomplished by simple faith in God, would it not be well if many, before parting with the word of God, would at least inquire what scepticism, secularism, and infidelity, have accomplished—where are their orphan houses, reformatories, and hospitals? Surely, we may judge of systems as of men by their fruits.

The Silent Stream; or, the Children's Witness.

It is a striking sight to watch the orphans passing through the streets of Bristol, on their way to attend Divine worship. Every Sunday morning they may he seen marching, two and two, up and down the hilly thoroughfares of that ancient city, on their way to Bethesda Chapel, where Mr. Müller ministers, there to hear the words of eternal life expounded. Each orphan house contributes its troop of two or three hundred children. The boys and girls being marshalled in separate bands, and accompanied by their different masters, matrons, and teachers. True, indeed, is the saying so often in substance heard expressed—"*That silent stream of children is the most powerful sermon ever preached in the City of Bristol.*"

Sweet silent stream, your pensive flow
  Reflects the light of heaven,
We see faith's beauty all aglow,
  Love's pledge and token given;
Each orphan child a sparkling wave,
  Each little voice a choir;
Both say that love each clime shall lave,
  And faith all hearts inspire.

Sweet faith which bade this beauteous stream
  From death's cold regions start,
All lighted up with mercy's beam,
  To cheer the broken heart;
O death, faith bids you sing her praise
  As stooping from the skies,
She meekly bends the poor to raise,
  And wipes the orphans' eyes.

O silent stream of youthful hearts,
  Sheltered in faith's warm nest;
Your simple witness light imparts,
  To guide the heart to rest;
The wreck of faith makes many glad,
  Doubt wears a lofty name;
The children's witness, mute and sad,
  Puts even it to shame.

The Great Business of Life; or, "Death behind and not before."

TO neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.—*Johnson.*

"Had I health I should be as ambitious as ever; but the uncertainty of life extinguishes such plans. I am, in a sense, necessary to my own dear ones, otherwise there is little I can do now. I should not find it easy to think of leaving them. But setting that aside—What are a few more years of this life? To have dying well *over—behind* me, not *before*—and life's trial ended happily, would be bliss indeed; but let me not doubt the Son of God. Is death worse in real danger than thirty years of life? Surely not. Have I not been marvellously *kept?* Then I can launch out, I hope, trustfully. Oh, forsake not the work of thine own hands! At least, let me live, as if living only for each single day as God gives it. My lot at this moment abounds in mercy. Hear my cry, O Lord. May I be ready when Thou comest. This is my duty—the

plain duty of my position—not to be afraid. I cannot proclaim Christ, cannot actively serve Him, but I am bound to glorify Him by rising above the fear of death. Is not cowardice treason? Fear not then death, saith my Lord. Great words, the power of death is broken! Captivity is captive. May Christ set me free from that disgraceful bondage —fear of death."—*Robert Alfred Vaughan.**

"It is good, surely, to be put utterly out of conceit with what seems at other times so attractive, to see the vanity of nourished ambition, and how the banner on the house-top is nothing with horror on the hearth."—*Ibid.*

"At the foot of the cross alone can we with safety reflect upon ourselves. Reasoning may make us believe, but the sense of guilt causes us to *feel* that Christ must be divine."—*Ibid.*

No fool's magniloquence is here,
  But purpose wise and strong;
If death is not beneath our feet,
  What music hath our song;
"A gleaming banner on the house
  And horror on the hearth;"
The greatest cheat of all the cheats
  To which our pride gives birth.

O brave young heart! O gifted soul!
  So richly freighted—rare,
We bless our God for thy sweet life
  And monogram most fair.
O King of heaven, we praise that love,
  While mourning o'er our loss,
Which made this regal soul to stoop
  And blossom neath Thy cross.

That Thou didst teach him how to think,
  His heart by truth made free,

* This highly gifted and cultured man, the author of "Hours with the Mystics," died at the early age of 34. See his life by his reverend father, Robt. Vaughan, D.D. A most touching and instructive biography for thoughtful Christian young men.—*Macmillan and Co.*

And so by simple childlike faith
  Reach *all* by reaching Thee:
Bruised neath the shadow of Thy love,
  This princely heart doth teach,
And show us how a broken life
  The highest life can reach.

Oh, may we learn the lesson well,
  Imprint it on each mind,
We have not reached life's highest goal,
  'Till "Death is left behind."
Whate'er the prize which genius brings,
  Or toil and wealth may gain,
Life's greatest triumph is not reached
  'Till death itself is slain.

A Maimed Life; or, How to Succeed.

I AM persuaded that what we have to aim at is not to accomplish any certain thing, to do a certain good; but, in whatever position we are placed, to make it minister to heavenly-mindedness, to spiritual conformity, this is hearing the Shepherd's voice; so may an abbreviated, maimed, and persecuted life, still fulfil itself in bearing, in witnessing, which may be enough for their existence—the rest above.—*Robert Alfred Vaughan.*

The highest life we all can reach,
  No barriers are found here,
Both rich and poor may climb this hill
  And reach this temple fair.

To follow Christ with patient zeal,
  Where'er His love may lead,
To kiss the hand which brings the rod
  Is to be great indeed.

Where'er we are to hold the truth,
  And witness to its power,
Hopeful and patient through the night,
  And bright when dark clouds lower.

Thus may a life though poor and sad,
  In either young or old,
Transmute by faith while struggling here
  Life's dross and tin to gold.

Though broken, still can reach success,
  Victorious in defeat,
Unknown beneath the eye of God,
  Stand 'mong the truly great.

A Good Future; or, The Lily and the Sparrow Footing.

MARCH 18th, 1857—(His last birthday.) "Now thirty-four years old. How mercifully spared! Christ is providence to me—the hand pierced gives me this continuance of life—my *Life* gives it me. He will animate it—He will, as I pray, make me bring forth more fruit, true vine as He is! For this He died—for this very purpose, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him. How precious is that humanity to me. How it enables me to realise Him—the wondrous, far beyond and above, yet *mine* and every thirsting needy soul. Unimaginable, inconceivable wisdom!—*Robert Alfred Vaughan.*

My future is altogether on the lily and the sparrow footing. I never did look forward far—now less than ever. I have no dissipated day-dreams to mourn over, for I never indulged

them. I think I now reap the benefit of having always concentrated my mind on present action, working after my own standard, and leaving the future.—*Ibid.*

Brave heart so young, yet rich in grace,
  Thy hopes all wrecked in time;
The music of thy simple faith
  Hath made thy life sublime.
Thy providence a living Christ,
  Thy faith in Him could live,
In shades of death could find such joy,
  As God alone can give.

Thy faith inspired by heaven's own love,
  Here crowned thee as a king,
Sang like the birds, and from the flowers
  God's hidden love could bring;
The outward form all frail and weak,
  Bent neath the chastening rod—
The hidden life majestic rose,
  Victorious in its God.

O blessed life to live on love,
  The love of Him who died,
To know mid shades of coming death,
  Our hearts with life allied.
By faith to enter into rest,
  To live within the day,
The love of Christ a present sun
  Which drives each cloud away.

Oh, 'tis not health, it is not wealth,
  Keeps sorrow from our door,
We may have all, yet nothing have,
  Life shrivelled, weak, and poor.
Oh, let love's sleeping genius speak,
  And kill our care and strife,
Christ is the portion of the soul,
  Our highest, truest life.

Woven of God; or, The Conditions of a True Life.

TO be contented, grateful in the enjoyment of prosperity, patient in tribulation, making all a help to faith, and a means of drawing us Godward, instant in prayer, warm and broad in love, vigilant and strenuous in working, if work be possible, this is to *live*. *So the life will be woven for us by God.—Robert Alfred Vaughan.*

Oh, let me live a woven life,
  Such as they live above,
Not twisted by our own poor skill,
  But by the hand of love.

The pattern perfect—traced above,
  For faith to work out here,
Each letter spelling out Christ's love
  In language mute but fair.

And to this end help me to yield
  My all to Thee, O Lord,
My life made plastic by Thy love
  And moulded by Thy word.

So shall my life mid tangled threads,
  And colours dark and bright,
Shine out the legend of thy love,
  However dark the night.

Death's Burden and Treasure.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."—Psalm cxvi. 15.

OH, what *a book* is every saint,
  Written by Love's own hand,
A page of truth which none but God
  Can fully understand.

A cabinet with gold inlaid,
Most pure from wisdom's mine;
Gemmed with such precious stones of truth,
As on Christ's breast do shine.

A garment wrought by Love's own hand
Which Christ Himself shall wear;
A shock of corn which fully ripe,
Love's hands alone can bear.

A flower whose secret roots are fed
With living sap divine,
Whose fragrance must for ever live
And beauty ever shine.

A temple by God's hand upreared,
And polished every stone,
Whose strength and purity proclaim
"This work is God's alone!"

A mirror where God's eye can see
His beauty with delight,
Which e'en before His jasper throne
Reflects His image bright.

A vessel frail—yet richly filled
With treasures of the King;
No wonder death should hear Him say,
"*This* to My palace bring!"

The Great Sight; or, Seeing's Believing.

"How great is the folly of that science which denies the power of revelation innate in man, in order to date the discovery of truth from the meagre labours upon a fragment of Creation, studied by one single faculty of the mind."—*Mazzini.*

"In all my study of the ancient times I have always felt the want of something, and it was not till I knew our Lord that all was clear to

me; with Him there is nothing that I am not able to solve."—*Letter of Johann V. Muller to Karl Bonnet.*

"The soul of man was not produced by heaven or earth, but was breathed immediately from God; so the ways and dealings of God with spirits are not included in nature, that is the law of heaven and earth, but are reserved to the law of His secret will and grace."—*Bacon, a confession of faith.*

"And so at last, even if, as in the vision of the past, each step crumble behind us into the darkness—still, springing from crystal step to crystal step, we are caught up into the heaven of heavens, and see things which it is not possible for man to utter; we spring upon the *wings* of *Faith* over the boundless gulf, and pass from man to God.—And there in those infinite abysses; there in that white radiance of an unstained eternity; there, with Him to whose vision the whole starlit sky is but as one white gleam in the intense inane, there where time and death are not; where the wings of thought sink powerless amid the void—safe in His invisible keeping."—*Rev. F. W. Farran, M.A.*

"He who would see Christ transfigured, must, as Origen says, climb the hill; below are crowds, demoniacs, and faithless disciples."

"I know men, and Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires, and the gods of other religions. *That resemblance does not exist: There is between Christ and all other religions whatever the distance of infinity;* from the first day to the last He is the same." *Napoleon; Table Talk.*

"It is with man's Soul as it was with Nature; the beginning of Creation is—Light. Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds. Divine moment, when over the tempest-tost Soul, as once over the wild weltering Chaos, it is spoken: Let there be light! Ever to the greatest that has felt such moment, is it not miraculous, and God-announcing; even as, under simpler figures, to the simplest and least? The mad primeval discord is hushed; the rudely-jumbled conflicting elements bind themselves into separate Firmaments; deep, silent rock-foundations are built beneath; and the skyey vault with its everlasting Luminaries above; instead of a dark wasteful chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, heaven-encompassed world.

I too could now say to myself: Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even Worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name!

'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it then. Up, up! whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called To-day; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work."

CHARLES B. was a sensitive, thoughtful, dreamy boy; he had, however, a Christian mother, a woman of gentle spirit and greatly afflicted, to whom he was tenderly attached. He could not very well understand what it was in her that so commanded his reverence and love; but it was, as he was ultimately led to perceive, the spirit of Christ and true religion. He had been accustomed from his childhood to hear the sound of her voice in prayer to God; and often, in the impressive silence of the night, the subdued sobs and cries of her voice, speaking to her Father in heaven, in periods of pain and sorrow, had caught his sensitive ear, and melted him again and again into tears. He well knew that she had no other helper in the wide world than God; no refuge but secret prayer.

The time arrived when Charles B. must go into the world; it was a happy day to him, for he hoped as the fruit of his labour to be able to help his mother, and to mitigate her toil and sorrow.

Being placed where he had free access to a large library, and being fond of reading, he read voraciously and indiscriminately all that came in his way. The result was that in a few years he lost his little faith in God and became a sceptic; the writings of Byron and Volney being his especial favourites. His past experiences of sorrow, and the sufferings which he had seen for years resting upon his mother, together with the neglect and unkindness of the world, fostered in his soul a tendency to misanthropy and a disposition to doubt the supervision of an intelligent and loving God. This state of mind made the works of the above-mentioned authors acceptable to him; their mistrust, despair, and sorrow, congenial to his feelings.

Still, he was not happy; he felt that the world without hope and God was a mockery and a cheat, and with the heathen philosopher, that "the great end of life was to be like God," that "HE was the beginning, middle, and end of

all things;" and hence he could not feel happy in living altogether without prayer; indeed, the low plaintive tones of his mother's voice followed him, and it often seemed to him as though he felt her hand gently resting upon his brow, and repeating lovingly her old admonition, "Wherever you may be, do not fail to pray to God, Charles."

At last, from his old feeling of love for his mother, and partly to pacify the secret restlessness of his mind, he composed a prayer addressed to the unknown God, asking for His teaching and help, and this he repeated night and morning.

About this time he read again the writings of Milton, and with his sublime epic was so fascinated that he could scarcely read anything else; and as that great man acknowledged the God of the Scriptures—the God of the Jews—he was led to open the Bible and read it again.

The wonderful insight and sententious wisdom of the book of Proverbs, the wail of despair in Ecclesiastes, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the bold imagery, tenderness, and force of the seraphic Isaiah, wonderfully struck his mind and arrested his judgment. From these he went to the Life of Christ, and, as the beauty of His character dawned progressively upon him, by contrast he perceived his own unlikeness to God, especially in relation to the dominant principle of selfishness which prevailed in his heart, and which he perceived was so opposed to the very nature of God, as revealed and illustrated by Christ's LOVE. Thus Charles B. was convinced of *sin*, and felt persuaded that Christ was truly the Teacher sent from God, who had a right to his faith and the allegiance of his soul. Intellectual pride and love of the world's smile still, however, so held him in bondage, that he did not at once surrender himself to Christ.

At last, while listening to the Gospel from the lips of a preacher, such a ravishing sight of the love and beauty of Christ was given him, that the chains of sin, love of self and the world, were broken, and he fell at the feet of Christ, bathing them with tears of penitence, as he gave himself

entirely into His hands, a loving, willing, and obedient child. Oh, the light, love, joy, and peace which followed that surrender!

Sin was dethroned, the world thrown out of the heart, and Charles B. rose from his knees a changed man; he felt his entire being completely revolutionised. He received Christ, obeyed Him, and devoted himself to His service and the good of others. Under the influence of that love, and engaged in that service, he has now continued up to the present time.

What was it that accomplished this change? It could not be mental weakness or superstition, for his intellect was left brighter and as much devoted to the imperial claims of *all truth* as ever, and when he believed in Christ at the very time there were many difficulties in his mind unremoved; his mind, too, has grown in mental strength and God-given comprehensiveness ever since.

It could not have been the influence of any evil principle to be justly deplored, for not only did it strengthen and leave the mind free, but it *purified* the life, and led the young man to deny himself, and to devote himself to works of benevolence and love; it intensified his human love, and led him to labour for the outcast and miserable.

Here, then, is a fact to be accounted for, an experience as truly a fact in the realms of mind as any with which we are familiar in the realms of matter.

Those of us who believe in the influence of God's Spirit upon the human soul, who believe that Christ is His own witness. and that His words, like the light of heaven, are in relation to moral consciousness *self-witnessing* words, have no difficulty in accounting for such an experience; we say it is sublimely intelligent, or, as Charles B. once said, "with such a sight I could not but believe." It remains for those who deny the Divinity of Christ and His teaching to give a reasonable and adequate account of the experience we have described. It exists; it is a fact; let it, like other facts, be intelligently accounted for.

Seeing's Believing: or, the Face of the Master.

We toil and fret, oft truth deride,
Slight beauty blushing at our side;
Light from mock suns we seek to greet,
With stars of truth beneath our feet;
We walk by lamps half hid from sight,
Despise the sun, and cry for light;
The truths for which our fathers died
Are often spurned or worse belied;
All this in sight of sights most fair,
Which waits to bless us everywhere,
The lovely face of Christ.

We nurse our dreams and find hope dead,
Then mope and sigh and cry for bread;
We grasp at things we cannot reach,
Then blame our God for want of speech;
All things below we seek to scan,
The works of God, the skill of man;
We will not have our gods belied,
And study all but Him *who died!*
All this in sight of sights most fair,
Which waits to bless us everywhere,
The lovely face of Christ.

The forms of beauty on the earth,
Which toil and struggle into birth;
The scattered rays which from afar
Bring down the brightness of a star;
The sparkling glories of the sea;
The beauty born of mystery;
We toil and seek to reach the light,
Which mocks our weary aching sight;
Life's mystic monograms we trace,
But Oh, the light of Jesu's face,
This, this, we do not seek.

Yet this brings light more bright by far
Than sun, or moon, or distant star;
This scatters doubt and kills each fear,
Reveals a Presence ever near;
Bears its own witness to the soul,
Gives strength its passions to control;
Delivers from the power of sin,
And makes us strong and pure within.
'Tis more than words, or books, or creed;
'Tis Life; 'tis God; 'tis *all* we need!
For it is Christ Himself!

O sight of sights, of all most fair,
Reveal thy beauty everywhere!
The poor man's wealth, the rich man's joy,
Sweet source of peace without alloy;
The highest gift to man e'er given,—
The seal of life, the pledge of heaven:
O light which shines when day must go!
O dawn of hope and death of woe!
O Friend who lives, all others gone;
God, truth, and bliss,—yea, ALL in one!
Most lovely face of Christ!

A Present Evil; or, Words of Warning.

THE legitimate tendency and work of materialism is well put by Mazzini in his terrible description of this age, but too true of many. "Belief is extinct, there is only pretence; prayer is no more, there is only movement of the lips; true love is no more, desire has taken its place; The warfare of *ideas* only is abandoned, the conflict is that of interests. The worship of great thoughts has passed away. That which *is* raises the tattered banner of some corpse-like traditions; that which

would be hoists only the standard of physical wants, of material appetites. MATERIALISM is the real danger of the age; but when theology has been converted into anthropology, which Feuerbach calls the task of the modern times, *then*, there being no God left, and no doctrine of immortality, men may continue illogically to utter the holy words *progress* and *duty*, *but they have deprived the first of its basis and the second of its source.*"

There are, I know, many to whom evil as such is not an object of abhorrence; they have no clear perception of its radical and necessary unlikeness to good. Good and evil do not appear to them to belong to two different spheres of being, but only to represent different points along the same line. Thus they lose—mark this well—all real love for, all real power of, appreciating real good, real sanctity; for the two things go altogether. To love truth and righteousness is to hate their contraries. This is constantly expressed in Ps. cxix., which reveals, perhaps, more than any part in Holy Scripture the inner movements of a life simply devoted to God. And accordingly, it is a mark of the man who has reached an advanced stage on the downward path, "Neither doth he abhor anything that is evil." This hatred of evil is, in fact, the reverse side of the soul's love of God, the one perfect good. It has been remarked that the *easy tolerance of moral evil is one of the most alarming features of our own day; it is one of those tendencies which sap the very springs of civilization, which eat out the vigour and the core of its life. We do not see its advance; it is in the air, it gilds the dangers around us with nothing less than a deceptive beauty; it makes us easy and tolerant when it would be the veriest mercy to condemn;* it makes us in private life sensitive about being stiff, and old-fashioned, and wanting in sympathy for new and striking ideas about moral matters. It makes us delight in moral paradoxes, which startle religious persons of the generation which is passing away; it makes men talk of the Holy God as if He were all benevolence, and in no real sense justice; it blinds men to the moral necessities which drew the Eternal Son down into our vale of tears to die as a

propitiation for human sin; it makes men turn away almost with fierce indignation from God's own revelations respecting the eternal world, because these revelations imply that He is in virtue of His necessary, His indestructible essence, irreconcilable with self-chosen evil. Thus it penetrates society and public morals, and thus it debases sometimes that heaven-sent faith which alone can save them. And when it has done its work, it has most assuredly prepared the way for the ruin which awaits effeminate generations. It may be some enemy from without who is to give the predestined shock; it may be some domestic revolution within; it may be some vast national misfortune which taxes the energies, the devotion of all, and which at the critical moment finds the majority wanting; the catastrophe may be almost indefinitely varied; the moral cause, depend upon it, is ever at the bottom of the same.—*Rev. Henry Parry Liddon, M.A.*

The Beauty of the Years.

The Face.

THE window whence the mind looks out,
The canvas of the soul;
The vestibule whence thoughts' own light
Gleams forth beyond control;
The picture-book which memory tints,
With colours bright as day;
Faith's holy shrine around whose walls
Love's sunbeams often play.

The book in which the past appears,
And with unconscious hand
Writes up the diary of our grief,
Which joys and hopes have planned;
The spirit's sky whose rainbow tints
Change like an April day;
The tablet where life's deeds are cut
In lines which last for aye.

The fair white screen drawn o'er the stage,
  E'er play and speech begin,
Through which an outline oft is caught,
  Of what transpires within;
The meeting place of life and death,
  Of love and hatred too,
Where truth and falsehood side by side
  All passive meet the view.

The regal crest of heaven's own make,
  Of noble, godlike form,
Which shows man's glory, though so marred,
  Of more than earth is born;
The pensive beauty of the years
  Which weeps its own decay,
Too often showing 'mid its tears
  Its best hopes far away.

His Face—in Life.

"The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. iii. 7.

THERE is a face in which we see
  What skill can never trace;
The hand of genius here must fail,
  And faint before its grace;
The mind which throws its lustre bright
  Upon this temple fair,
Is pure as God's own sapphire throne,
  When angels worship there.

Oh, bright the beamings of this face,
  As yon deep crystal sea;
For God Himself looks through these eyes
  In pensive majesty.
O human shrine of Godlike grace,
  What glory here we see;
The human and divine here blend,
  In love's own mystery!

How deep the wisdom of our God!
  Beyond our reason's ken,
Imagination's utmost flight,
  Or dreams or thought of men;

Here all our strength in wonder dies,
  Fails all our boasted speech—
To paint the beauty of that face
  No angel's thought can reach.

The mirror of a spotless soul,
  Bright with each faultless grace,
Each line a lesson of pure love,
  Where we each virtue trace.
O lofty brow! O cheeks so fair!
  O eyes so pure and meek!
O holy lips, whence love distils
  On humble hearts that seek!

O face, the home of perfect peace!
  Where smiles each virtue fair,
Yet where the lines of anguish speak
  Of grief beyond compare.
O face, where truth enthroned sits,
  In regal, kingly grace,
And smiles benignant on each heart
  That seeks her love to trace!

O face, mild beaming like a star,
  In sorrow's gloom and night,
Yet brighter than the sun's full ray,
  Effulgent, clear, and bright!
O face of faces all, most fair,
  Most deeply pierced by sin,
And yet whose every look declared
  The temple pure within!

O face, whose smile on human hearts
  Falls like the light of heaven;
The death of guilt, the balm of grief,
  And pledge of sins forgiven;
O face, one glimpse of which e'en here
  Brings bliss without alloy,
Whose unveiled charms, when seen above,
  Fill heaven itself with joy.

His Face—in Death.

"His visage was so marred more than any man."—Isa. lii. 14.

THOSE dove-like eyes, now closed in death,
  Through which sweet mercy beamed;
That brow, where truth imperial sat,
  By deep rude furrows seamed;
O face in life love's own sweet page,
  In death more clearly seen,
As through each crimson channel deep,
  We see where pain hath been.

O holy head, thus bowed so low!
  O locks, all stained with gore!
O purple lines, that spelt a love
  Man could not read before!
O temple torn by harsh, rude thorns,
  The spears of sin's own root,
Where blooms in beauty evermore
  Hope's sweetest, purest fruit!

O face, through which, though veiled now,
  God's justice grandly shines,
Where death through sin most deeply scored
  His darkest, deepest lines!
O lips, the home of perfect love,
  The ruby gates of peace,
Through which truth's clear pellucid stream
  Shall flow and never cease!

O face, where sorrow looked its love,
  And patience sat and wept,
Where every grace through life's dark night
  Its long, sad vigil kept;
O face, the sun of heaven's own bliss,
  So bright, yet far away,
On broken hearts thy beauty dawns,
  The pledge of perfect day.

O temple broken, marred, and soiled,
  By Satan's ruthless hand,
Destined all faultless yet to rise,
  In heaven's own light to stand;
O lips, now sealed, which yet shall plead
  With eloquence divine;
O visage, now so strangely marred,
  Which yet in heaven shall shine.

O locks all bathed in death's own dew,
  Which yet shall wear a crown;
O eyes, the fire of which, though quenched,
  Shall yet flash glory down;
O face, o'er which our love oft weeps
  With sad reproachful tears;
Our faith e'en now beholds Thee reign,
  And triumphs o'er its fears.

The light ne'er seen on sea or land
  Shall yet adorn that head
Which stooped to wear the plaited crown,
  And slept among the dead;
Though veiled here by clouds of sense,
  And sorrow's darkest night,
Above the highest heavens now raised,
  Faith hails thy sceptre bright.

The Silent Face.

B. C. had a beautiful engraving of the Crucifixion of Christ hanging in his room, and said that often the thought of that beautiful, sad, and patient face, when exposed to the scorn and persecution of those with whom he worked, on account of his attachment to Christ, had subdued his anger, and kept him from returning evil for evil.

The lips were closed, the eyes looked sad,
  The brow was pale and torn,
Yet a holy peace shone through that face,
  Like that of tempest born;

And the vision of that beauteous face
  Haunted me night and day,
And the fiends of hell who sought my life
  Before it fled away.

When Passion came with flashing eyes,
  And said, "Now strike the blow!"
Light gently sped from that pale face,
  And passion was laid low.

Then Justice came, with lips compressed:
  "Revenge," she said, "those lies!"
Anger arose, but anger fell
  Before those silent eyes.

Ambition came: "Will you," she said,
  "Brave heart, my smile now gain?"
When, lo! a look from that pale face,
  And even Pride was slain.

Oppressed with toil and sorrow's night,
  Faith bowed her drooping head;
'Twas but a look from those meek eyes,
  She sprang as from the dead.

Then Pleasure came, all love and smiles,
  Bright, cheerful as the day;
Before the light of that sweet face
  Her beauty passed away.

'Mid crowds, and noise, and toil and strife,
  Faith lost Love's healing balm;
But looking up—"that face again!"
  And, lo! the heart was calm!

O face of faces all most fair!
  O eyes so meek yet true!
In life and death, Oh, may our faith
  Thy beauty still pursue!

Untold Love; or, the Martyr of Faith.

Like a rose in some lone garden
  Shedding forth its sweets around,
Like a lily, fading, smitten,
  Its pale face upon the ground;
O lone heart, all patient waiting,
  Longing for the break of day,
Comes at last thy heart's true Bridegroom,
  Lo, He speaks, "Come, come away!"

IT was C.'s first sermon, and, like many other young preachers, he carried with him the first flower which had opened to him in the garden of truth, and regaled his spiritual senses with its fragrance and beauty, thinking far more of these than of its adaptation to the people or their circumstances to whom he was to preach. The text was:—"Until the day break and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of Myrrh and the hill of Frankincense." The sermon, delivered with warmth and feeling, appeared to give great satisfaction, and one young female, attired in black, was especially earnest in tendering her thanks to the young preacher; this was Margaret P., a member of the little church.

From this young person about three months afterwards, C. received a message stating that she was very ill, and requesting the favour of an early visit.

C. complied with the request at once, and on calling to see her was conducted to her room—there he found a young and singularly beautiful woman stretched upon the bed in the last stages of consumption, the features were perfect, the hair dark as the raven's wing, the eyes large and full of expression, and the whole face lighted up with the preternatural brilliancy and glow of that dreadful disease which is one of the scourges of this country.

Poor Margaret P.; her simple tale of quiet suffering and unknown heroism was soon told—the passage upon which the young preacher had built his first sermon some months

ago, and which had so refreshed her spirit, was one through which, in circumstances of distress, for some years she had found hope. Some time before her youthful heart had been brought to a knowledge of the love of her Saviour, she had been engaged to a young man whom she tenderly loved, and they had been in the habit of spending their Sabbath evening together in such a way as their taste and fancy might dictate; generally walking in the country or by the margin of a river not far from home. Having been brought, however, to feel her obligations to her Saviour, Margaret P. felt that such conduct could not be continued, and strove to induce her betrothed to accompany her to the house of God; to this he was very averse, and, on one Sabbath-day told her that if she would not accompany him on a ramble of pleasure they must part, and that for ever. Poor Margaret's heart was full, she made no reply, but silently and with weeping eyes turned her face to the house of God. Her lover stood watching her for a few moments, then turned his back, and went in an opposite direction, and so they parted, never to meet again until the archangel's blast shall bring them together before that bar where the secrets of all hearts will be revealed, and where the Judge shall make no mistake as to the character of those before him.

Poor, young, stricken heart! scarcely eighteen summers dawned upon thee, how great was thy grief on that evening, how great also thy almost unconscious and innocent victory—the hymns and the sermon were no doubt very good, but poor Margaret's heart was too full to pay much attention to either. On first parting with her lover, she expected to hear his footsteps following her, or, at least, that he would come to her side in the house of God, as he had done before; but he came not, and this evening, at least, she forgot to look after the Bridegroom of her soul, looking after him, and returning home without his company. On entering into her little, quiet room, she cast herself down upon the bed and gave vent to her pent-up grief in a passionate flood of tears. The night was

long, restless, feverish, and sad; but, as the morning broke and light touched her window with the rays of hope, the young, sad heart arose, and, falling upon her knees, sought strength from Him who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax; nor was it sought in vain. At her usual duties Margaret P. was seen, and with no perceptible marks of the storm upon her quiet, beautiful face.

Days wore away, and no tidings of her lover. Would he keep his word this time? He had often threatened that, if she would persist in going to the house of God, he would leave her. Would he keep his word? Weeks past away; at last the news came that he had left home and gone to sea. This was a heavy blow, and Margaret's heart sunk, for she had been sustained by the secret hope that his better mind would right itself, and that her Lord and Master would, in answer to prayer, restore him to Himself and then to her. This hope now for a time taken from her, grief seized her heart, which, although hidden, was still there, and which, after many weary months, was becoming too heavy for her, when, by chance as it seemed, she lighted upon the young preacher's text, "Until the day break," &c., and she was comforted; she saw her path, to wait upon Christ, the Bridegroom of her spirit, until the day should break and deliverance come. Hope again sprang up in her soul, and for a time sustained her; but as months, and even years rolled by, though her heart still held to her Lord and never regretted its decision for Him, yet hope deferred made the heart sick; health began to fail, a slight cough was heard occasionally, the body began to waste, friends began to feel anxious about the quiet, pensive, fading, beautiful girl. At last consumption stepped in and closed the scene.

Through the last months of her illness, Margaret acquitted herself bravely and well. The Saviour, whose love had conquered her young heart and helped her to choose the better part, was with her, richly comforting and sustaining her to the end. His love was to her as a mountain of myrrh and hill of

frankincense, where she dwelt until the day broke and the shadows fled away, and she entered into the presence of the heavenly Bridegroom, there with joy to await the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

She was buried in a retired churchyard, a small, modest headstone alone marking the last resting-place of another unknown heroine of faith.

Fading, fading like a flower,
  Pure and sweet in its decay,
Yielding still a holy fragrance
  Which can never pass away.

Melting, melting like a dewdrop
  Which the sun at morn exhales,
Shapes of beauty still unfolding,
  As on wings of light it sails.

Flowing, flowing like a river,
  Pensive, peaceful in its flow,
Still its daily task fulfilling,
  With the light of heaven aglow.

Oh, sweet love! What life, what graces
  In thy heart of hearts still live;
Undiscovered triumphs, glories,
  Such as God alone can give.

We may see thee fade in sorrow,
  Drooping head and thorn-clad brow,
But thy beauty liveth ever,
  With undying life shall glow.

Unknown.

UNKNOWN the flowers oft tint the earth
  With colours fair and bright;
Unknown the birds trill forth their notes,
  The stars throw down their light.

Unknown the brooklet sings its psalm,
  E'en when the birds have fled;
Unknown the dew-drops kiss the flowers,
  And cheer each drooping head.

Unknown the falling drops of rain
  The heavens with glory span,
With brilliant tints e'en as they fade
  Read out God's love to man.

Unknown the silent ray of light,
  From yonder star doth fly,
With image fair on silver wings,
  To paint on thoughtless eye.

Unknown the morn's first early smile,
  So gentle and so calm;
Unknown the still night's pensive choir,
  The everlasting psalm.

And He whose words all things produced,
  And claimed them as His own,
The God of glory, King of bliss,
  Here lived and died unknown.

So, like the fragrance of the flowers,
  And influence of the sun,
Unseen but felt may we pass on,
  And live in work well done.

The Last Look; or, the Old Love Conquered.

WHEN we first became acquainted with A. M., he had but just been put aside from business through the inroads of that terrible disease consumption. He was just in the prime of life, with good prospects for the future, well

educated, and possessed of a soul keenly alive to, and capable of enjoying, all that was pure, and beautiful, and true. He was a diligent student, and an ardent admirer of nature. His greatest treasure, however, was a simple faith in Christ, in whom he had found the peace and rest of his spirit.

On calling to see him one bright and beautiful morning, to our great surprise we found him dressed and sitting propped up in his old easy chair in his library which looked out upon his little garden, the joy of other days; it was still full of blooming flowers planted by his own hand, and now carefully tended by his widowed mother, who watched the varied expressions of his face with fond solicitude.

As the sun shone upon these beautiful flowers, and glanced through the windows, gently falling at the feet of the young dying man, as if it came to play with the grief of an old and admiring friend, and to remind him of the light of other days, we looked at him, expecting to see a shade of sadness pass over his generally bright and cheerful face; but, as if instinctively catching the meaning of the look, he raised his head with a sweet smile as he extended his hand, and said, "I thought this morning as the sun shone so beautifully into my room above that I should like to have a *last look* at *them*," pointing significantly to the flowers, "and I have been able to enjoy the sight and feel that I can leave even them without regret." Truly, though in this case the light of other days *had* faded, another and brighter had dawned upon him, and which coming from a sun which does not set, continued with him to the last.

He suffered much and for many months, but continued bright, hopeful, and patient to the end, when, falling asleep in the arms of Him who had sustained him, his spirit passed to that goodly land

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers."

He came to take his last fond look,
And reached his old arm chair;
He gazed upon each well-known book,
And garden fresh and fair.

In tear of sorrow dimmed his sight,
His heart could not despond;
The eye of faith was clear and bright,
He loved, but looked beyond.

Beyond, above these lower skies,
Its bright but fading flowers,
To scenes where spring for aye abides,
And never withering flowers.

Oh, blessed faith! so freely given,
The death of all our fears,
The light of bliss, the joy of heaven,
Shine through thy very tears.

When earthly joys all bankrupt stand,
And weep outside the door;
Faith points us to a brighter land,
And joys unseen before.

When love is forced with weeping eyes
To say, "I've nought to give,"
Faith spreads her feast 'neath cloudless skies,
And bids us look and live.

No Bridge; or, into the River.

SH. was a smart, intellectual sceptic; he would have his children highly educated. "Knowledge is power," he said, "and it cannot well be either squandered away or lost;" he did not *object* either to a certain amount of moral training—but he would not have even that based upon the word of God. "No," he said, "no!" "no theological teaching, no bridge, let each build his own when he is old enough." Each of his children in due course were turned out into the world with but few fixed principles of action, and but little faith, if any, in the need of or possibility of help from an unseen power.

The history of one of his daughters was sad; she fell, and after reaching the lowest point of degradation, brought her misery to a climax by a suicide's death. Her father, it is said, had to look upon her body after it was recovered from the river in which she found her death.

The winter winds moaned out their grief,
  In fitful gusts and cold;
Beneath the arches of the bridge,
  The cold, dark river rolled.
The sullen night, her face in clouds,
  Shed down a few dark tears;
The river sighed, the winds replied,
  As they had done for years.

Few sounds were heard but the passing bell,
  Which moaned the hours just dead,
Or the solemn step and measured sound
  Of the watchman's usual tread;
A form there wandered in the blast,
  With weary steps and slow;
The grief which lived within that heart,
  Oh, who but God could know!

Now to the river moved that form,
  Anon from it would start,
And only ONE could know the storm
  Which lived within that heart;
O woeful night! O long, sad hours!
  Life's grief all rolled in one,
A transient ripple on the stream,
  And all of life is gone!

The winter winds moaned out their grief,
  In fitful gusts and cold;
Beneath the arches of the bridge,
  The cold, dark river rolled.
The sullen night, her face in clouds,
  Shed down a few dark tears;
The river sighed, the winds replied,
  As they had done for years.

A Bridge; or, over the River.

Mrs. C. was a poor woman with a large family; she was not remarkable for much intellect or education. She had but few very strong opinions about anything; no theories, philosophical or otherwise, and was quite innocent of all speculation; but she *was* a Christian, and she loved the word of God and her children, and according to her ability, she endeavoured to train up the latter in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Like most poor women with a large family, she had many troubles, and had been well disciplined in the school of sorrow. One of her favourite aphorisms, picked up in this school was, "There's a bridge over the darkest waters—prayer." This was, in fact, the burden of her teaching to her children—"Never give up prayer, never give up your hold of hope in God," and she was, indeed, a living witness to the truth of her own teaching, for few had suffered more than herself.

Her heaviest grief, however, came upon her when one of her daughters returned home to pour into her loving ear the tale of her fall and her sorrow. Still she *did* return, and that was something, as the sequel will prove, and there was for the poor mother some light even in this dark cloud, for her daughter had been saved from entire destruction by her teaching.

This poor girl had been seduced and forsaken, and in her anguish one night had gone out determining to destroy both herself and her shame. When she reached the river, and while passing over the bridge, the words of her mother came to her mind, "there's a bridge over the darkest waters—prayer," and in her anguish she darted up a cry to God, then another; hurrying along sobbing and crying, she passed *over* the bridge, and stood hesitating as to whether she should return. She cried again, and her brain seemed to grow cooler, and listlessly, still crying to God, she slowly returned to her lodgings and flung herself upon her knees. How long she remained there she could not tell, but she had

scarcely strength to arise and fling herself upon her bed, where, exhausted, she soon fell asleep. When she awoke her mind was calm, and she burst into a flood of tears; again she fell upon her knees, from which she arose with the prodigal's determination, "I will arise and go to my Father," and her poor mother received her penitent and broken-hearted: a sad answer, but still an answer to her prayer, for she was saved, and her heart in its desolation had found peace.

There's an arm for the steep,
And a path through the deep,
And a bridge, o'er each wild stormy sea;
And we need not despair,
While our faith breathes its prayer,
And the path of *God's* promise we see.

Let us teach, then, each child,
Though life's storms may be wild,
There's a shelter from passion's wild blast,
And the feeblest by prayer
May subdue his despair,
Reach the haven of safety at last.

The storm may be strong,
And the night may be long,
And all succour and hope far away;
There's a voice in the fight,
And the darkness of night,
And it whispers, "More earnestly pray!"

And the arm for the steep,
And the path through the deep,
And the bridge o'er life's wild, stormy sea,
To thy joy shall appear,
And rebuke all thy fear,
From each danger and sorrow shall free.

The True Bridge of Sighs.

"I do set my bow in the cloud."—Gen. ix. 13.
And looking up to heaven he sighed—Jesus.

As from the tears of nature spring
Earth's rainbow tints of light,
So through the tears of Christ is born,
The arch which spans our night.

As from the earth the sun's bright ray
Builds beauty in the sky,
So from the breath of Christ exhales
Those joys which never die.

O moving lips! O weary heart!
Thy sorrows were no dream,
Thy sighs they span the gulf of time,
And death's dark, flowing stream.

O bridge of sighs! sweet child of grief!
The glory of the skies!
Wouldst thou behold its beauty near,
Then look in Jesu's eyes.

It gilds our heavens; an arch of light
Oft touched by mercy's ray,
Gives glory to our darkest night,
And brightness to our day.

This bridge is built on Christ's own love,
The beauty of the years;
Its graceful form, faith's own delight,
The vision of her tears.

This bridge of sighs, Christ's warriors know;
The true, the brave, the blest,
O'er it in heaven's own armour clad,
Have fought their way to rest.

This bridge of sighs, lo, it ascends,
It touches heaven's own shore;
Here many broken hearts have wept,
But wept to weep no more.

This bridge of sighs, 'tis high as heaven,
  But deeper far than hell;
Christ's warrior chiefs, 'mid strife and blood,
  Passed o'er it as they fell.

Frail, beautiful, and yet how strong,
  Here none need sink or die,
For its wide arches span life's stream,
  Its deeps of mystery.

Despair may touch and freeze our hope,
  Beneath her cold, dark wing;
But o'er this bridge of sighs we pass
  To faith's bright, cheerful spring.

O bridge of sighs! O bridge of gold!
  Faith hears the pilgrim feet
Of all God's tribes o'er thee return,
  Their Saviour's love to greet.

And oh, when death shall veil my sight,
  Oh, may my faith still see
This bridge of sighs still spans the night,
  And bears me, Christ, to Thee.

Dying Testimony; or, the Seven Happiest Years.

IT was a heavy, dull winter's day, when D. L. entered into his little room in the suburbs of London. He had been that morning to see his physician, who had cautiously informed him that one of his lungs was affected. He scarcely required that information, for a long period of ill-health had incapacitated him for his business in the country, and compelled him, though a very young man, to part with his mill and a pleasant little cottage by the side of a stream, and to come up to London with his young wife and children, seeking a little

light employment, and which, through the kindness of a friend, he had found in an office near to the little house he had taken for a time. If we were to say that, as he looked at his present abode, and contrasted it with the bright rooms, green fields, and surrounding beauty he had left, and then again at his young wife and children, and at the *future* before them, his heart was not sad, we should not tell the whole truth. On the occasion referred to he was very sad; a sorrow seized his heart too great for words, and which cost him a great effort to hide from those dear to him; but hope in Christ sustained his spirit, and kept him from fainting in the day of adversity.

Some years after this little incident, we were called upon to visit D. L. upon his dying bed. Well and bravely for many years had he fought with the insidious disease which had destroyed his earthly prospects, and beaten his life down to the ground. He was rapidly sinking, and scarcely able to speak, but a sweet smile played over his features, as he tried to raise his hand to grasp his friend's, and said, "*these last seven years of affliction have been the happiest of my life, and now I can hold out my hand and welcome death with a smile,* and I owe all this to the gospel." But a few days after this his spirit entered into the enjoyment of that rest he had so long anticipated; he departed as he had lived for years, a comfort to many, in perfect peace.

He saw Death coming up the hill,
  With solemn steps and slow;
All through his frame there passed a chill,
  The heart must feel to know.
He looked at Death again, again,—
  He marked his visage well;
He saw the furrowed lines of pain,
  And things he could not tell.

He saw the night, but not the day,—
  He saw his hopes all gone;
All little griefs now passed away,
  All swallowed up in one;

He saw Death kill his sweetest joy,
  He saw him reach his home;
He looked upon his infant boy,
  And heard the grave say, Come!

'Twas hard! My God! my God! said he,
  Oh, why to me this grief?
Lord, I am weak; no hope I see;
  Where shall I find relief?
Spare me, my God, I pray Thee, spare,
  For sake of those most dear:
My wife, my child, my grief must share:
  O God, I pray Thee hear!

Canst Thou behold Thy creatures' pain?
  Dost Thou despise their fears?
And thus he called, and called again,
  Half blinded by his tears.
At last he rose, his heart was calm;
  Death was no longer near;
He heard a voice say, "Fear no harm!
  Yield not, poor heart, to fear!"

He looked and saw a beauteous face,
  A brow all pierced and torn;
The lips breathed peace with tender grace,
  Like that of sorrow born:
"I'll walk," said Christ, "with thee, my child,
  I've been this way before;
Death's falsehoods have thy heart beguiled,
  Now yield to him no more."

He placed His hand upon the head,
  And cooled the fevered brow;
Hope on the heart He gently shed,
  Said, "I'll not leave thee now."
Thus chased He night with mercy's ray,
  Bade faith His love pursue;
Said, "As we climb life's shining way,
  Death soon will melt from view."

And thus the heart, though struck by death
  In manhood's early prime,
Rejoiced in hope, 'mid failing breath,
  Rose o'er the mists of time.
O blessed Gospel! thus to bring
  A living Saviour near;
Of thy sweet triumphs we will sing,
  And drink thy waters clear.

The Divine Awakening; or, the Discipline of Sorrow.

"THEY were living to themselves: self, with its hopes, and promises, and dreams, still had hold of them; but he began to fulfil their prayers. They had asked for contrition, and He sent them sorrow; they had asked for purity, and He sent them thrilling anguish; they had asked to be meek, and He had broken their hearts; they had asked to be dead to the world, and He slew all their living hopes; they had asked to be made like unto Him, and He placed them in the furnace, sitting by 'as a refiner of silver,' till they should reflect His image; they had asked to lay hold of His cross, and when He reached it to them it lacerated their hands. They had asked they knew not what, nor how; but He had taken them at their word, and granted them all their petitions. They were hardly willing to follow on so far, or to draw so nigh to Him. They had upon them an awe and fear, as Jacob at Bethel, or Eliphaz in the night visions, or as the apostles when they thought they had seen a spirit, and knew not that it was Jesus:—they could almost pray Him to depart from them, or to hide His awfulness. They found it easier to obey than to suffer—to do than to give up—to bear the cross than to hang upon it: but they cannot go back, for they have come too near the unseen cross, and its virtues have pierced too deeply within them. He is fulfilling to them His promise, 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me:' but

now *their* turn is come at last, and that is all. Before they had only *heard* of the mystery, but now they *feel* it. He has fastened on them His look of love, as He did on Mary and Peter, and they cannot but choose to follow. Little by little, from time to time, by flitting gleams the mystery of His cross shines out upon them. They behold Him lifted up—they gaze on the glory which rays forth from the wounds of His holy passion; and as they gaze they advance, and are changed into His likeness, and His name shines out through them, for He dwells in them. They live alone with Him above, in unspeakable fellowship; willing to lack what others own, and to be unlike all, so that they are only like Him. Such are they in all ages who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. Had they chosen for themselves, or their friends chosen for them, they would have chosen otherwise. They would have been brighter here, but less glorious in His kingdom. They would have had Lot's portion, not Abraham's. If they had halted anywhere—if He had taken off His hand, and let them stray back—what would they not have lost? What forfeits in the morning of the resurrection? But He staid them up, even against themselves. Many a time their foot had well-nigh slipped; but He, in mercy, held them up: now, even in this life, they know all He did was done well. It was good for them to suffer *here*, for they shall reign *hereafter*—to bear the cross *below*, for they shall wear the crown *above;* and that not *their* will but *His* was done on them."

The Peasant of the Mountain; or, Watchful Love.

I WAS told of a poor peasant, on the Welsh mountains, who, month after month, year after year, through a long period of declining life, was used, every

morning, as soon as he awoke, to open his casement window towards the east, and look out to see if Jesus Christ was coming.—*Fry.*

Love hides her children out of sight,
'Mid wilds and wastes forlorn,
In hidden nooks and silent glades
Her sweetest hopes are born;
On steeps oft veiled from human sight,
In valleys fresh and green,
God's beauty lifts its lowly head,
And blossoms oft unseen.

Kind, gentle hearts, to fame unknown,
Their treasure in the skies,
Here patient wait the King's approach,
With eager, loving eyes;
To such the night seems dark and long,
Earth's brightest morning dim,
But Jesus knows where loving hearts
Oft wait and watch for Him.

The head in knowledge may be wrong,
While yet the heart is true;
And this oft gilds the darkest night,
While hope is hid from view;
And in the cot whence faith looks out,
With tearful blushing face,
Christ sees His meek and patient love,
And sweetest flower of grace.

The Stranger's Welcome.

I WOULD give Him my bond under my faith and hand, to wait for heaven an hundred years longer, so being He would lay His holy face to my sometimes wet cheeks. I cannot, I would not, be quit of Christ's love. He

hath left the mark behind where he gripped. He goeth away and leaveth me and His burning love to wrestle together, and I can scarce win my heart of His love, because of absence.—*S. Rutherford.*

A stranger at Love's feast I stand,
  Like an unbidden guest,
And wonder if the Master's hand
  Will guide me to my rest;
My heart in secret waits to hear
His voice pronounce a word of cheer.

I watch His face, I see Him smile,
  And bid His friends come near;
My faith all silent weeps and waits,
  His welcome longs to hear;
One word from Him would give me rest,
And I should be a happy guest.

There seems a word for all but me,
  My heart its vigil keeps,
While other guests are glad and free,
  My love in secret weeps;
From me the Master seems to fly,
I strive in vain to catch His eye.

I mark the feast, how richly spread!
  No heart here need repine,
The Master hands to each the cup,
  And bids each drink his wine;
Oh, said my heart, in its despair,
If in the crumbs I might but share!

So spake I once, the Master's face
  In clouds of sorrow veiled,
Nor can I say how He at last
  His sweetest love revealed;
But His warm cheek against mine prest,
I found I was indeed His guest.

Broken Hopes and Perfect Life—A Contrast.

THE illness of C. P. was a sad blow to his widowed mother and friends. He was a comely young man, just come of age, industrious and gifted, and had worked so hard in relation to his profession that a very successful future seemed to spread before him. Consumption, however, had seized him and stricken him down, and, under these circumstances, we were invited by his friends to call and see him. On entering his room we found him stretched upon the sofa, his cough exceedingly painful, and so exhausted as to be scarcely capable of speech.

On being informed of the purport of our visit, he looked up, extending his hand with great cordiality—the light of deep sorrow and anxiety beaming in his eyes. He stated that but a few days ago he had been to see two physicians as to his true condition, and he could see from the face of one that his case was serious; and, in fact, he had been told, that as far as the present life was concerned, his condition was hopeless. He stated this with deep feeling, but said he felt deeply indebted to the physician for his fidelity, and thought he had but acted as a Christian.

C. P.'s past history was that of many; having had the advantage of religious training, he had been the subject of convictions of sin from his earliest years, but as he grew up in life, ambition to succeed in the world, the influence of the world, and of the latent scepticism of many of the books he had read, had smothered the dictates of conscience; ill-health, however, for some time past, and especially the form his disease had latterly assumed, had awakened his early impressions afresh, and made him anxious as to the state of his soul.

He spoke with sorrow as to the influence of much of his reading on his spiritual condition, and also of the effect of some phases of London life, stating that he had seen more

vice in London than in Paris. We read and prayed with him, for which he expressed deep gratitude.

We visited him many times, and, as his mind gradually opened to a knowledge of the gospel, he seemed to reach rest Still his spiritual conflicts were many, gleams and flashes of comfort fell upon his soul, but permanent peace was not his abiding treasure. Now hope sprang up in his breast, and her bright eyes cheered his desolation. Anon past sin, ingratitude, and neglect of God quenched it.

On one occasion we found him much depressed; he said, a strange fear and trembling had seized him. We read part of the 55th Psalm to him: "My heart is sore pained within me: and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me. And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. Selah. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest," and we directed his attention to the experience of Christ Himself, of whom it is written that, in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard out of His fears, and reminded him that we have now in Christ a merciful and faithful High Priest, who can be touched with a sense of all our infirmities, He being in all points tempted as we are, and yet without sin. We left Him cheered and refreshed.

One morning, we entered his bed-room and found him very exhausted. He had passed a very bad night; the hours had been long; he asked for a few verses to be read, and on inquiring if there were any he would like selected, he said, read the 14th chapter of Job, I have been reading it all night. We read:—"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. And dost Thou open thine eyes upon such an one,

and bringest me into judgment with Thee? Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one. Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with Thee, Thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass; Turn from him, that he may rest, till he shall accomplish, as an hireling, his day, For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; Yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up: So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep. O that Thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that Thou wouldest keep me secret, until Thy wrath be past, that Thou wouldest appoint me a set time and remember me!"

There was something peculiarly touching in the scene, and little did the old patriarch, when giving utterance to his wail of grief, in the midst of the darkness of those ancient days, think that it was destined to pour such a rich draught of consolation into the heart of this gifted dying youth, in the midst of this great City of London, in this 19th century of our Christian civilisation.

Such was, however, the fact; the soul of man is essentially one, and the long tale of its sorrows, like a strain of sad music, does but repeat itself age after age. In looking around the room at the products of artistic skill produced by the young and handsome form before us, thinking of his bright ideals and hopes of the future all crushed, we could understand how the dying youth, in his night of sorrow, had found a brother and companion in the man of Uz. We prayed with him and left him hopeful and refreshed.

On visiting him again we found him still in much suffering, he had reached the beginning of the near end, but he was

calm and even cheerful. "His eyes spake hope." He had been reading many precious promises, and one upon which he placed his finger had been greatly blessed to his comfort and assurance of interest in God. "He that believeth hath eternal life." "*Hath* eternal life," he said. "I do believe." Then he said, "I have eternal life." "And this life," he said, "includes all, pardon, justification; eternal joy, does it not?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," he said, "all are mine?" "Even so." "Blessed gospel," he replied, looking unutterably grateful. What a poor, broken, meaningless thing your life must appear to you apart from this life, we observed, and how well it is described by your old friend Job:—

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

But as connected with eternal life how beautiful, sublime, and glorious. "Yes," he said, "He that believeth hath eternal life."

The assurance and peace which he received from these words did not fail him, and this divine declaration from the lips of Christ formed the dying pillow of his faith, and in a few days afterwards he slept in peace.

Our broken hopes and perfect life,
  They often grow together;
Twin sisters of our grief and strife,
  They bloom in stormy weather.

They often form the soil forlorn,
  Where seeds of life lie hidden,
The chamber where life's joys are born,
  Dark sorrow's guests unbidden.

Our broken hopes materials give
  For building life's own dwelling,
In which the songs of mercy live,
  With rapture ever swelling.

Our broken hopes oft gem the sky
  With stars of truth bright shining,
Paint love's own beauty on the eye,
  And kill all vain repining.

Our broken hopes, life's sorrows past,
  And wand'ring feet returning,—
Conduct us to our home at last,
  Faith's lamp of hope bright burning.

The Snow.

FROM many a marsh and stagnant pool
  The sun draws up the rain,
In pure white snow or liquid drops,
  To throw it back again.

With these pure gems he spans the heavens,
  With rainbow bright and clear;
No stain or mark upon the arch,
  To show it had been here.

The heat which raised these sparkling gems
  Filtered their earth away,
Made a crown of light, with colours bright,
  For the monarch of the day.

So from the bosom of the earth,
  Their place and life the same,
Christ brings his saints without a stain,
  To show from whence they came.

These, on the everlasting hills,
  Fall bright as snow below;
And, by their light and robes of white,
  Praise Him where'er they go.

The Cottage and the Council; or, a Great Life.

"The taste of Pius IX. for show and ceremonial is well known, and he has for some months been engaged, with a solicitude and an interest almost childish, in arranging the scenes and rubbing up the 'properties' for the grand theatrical performance which is called the Œcumenical Council. The preparation of the Hall for the accommodation of the Council is expected to cost more than 15,000*l.*, the expenditure in Brussels carpeting, for the lining and backing of the seats, being unprecedented. The Hall is more than 150 ft. long, 90 ft. wide, and about 150 ft. high. The Pope is believed to have an army of not much less than 10,000 men in Rome, and of these 5,000 could be spared to grace the ceremony of the procession. A city of churches is a city of bells, and those of Rome are described as making a roar like that of ocean. The guns of St. Angelo add their thunder on these occasions to the music of the bells. It was about half-past nine when the procession moved. The start was announced by a peal from the guns of St. Angelo. The spectacle, as the procession moved into the Hall, was unquestionably imposing. 'The extent of the building, with the dim religious lights burning here and there at intervals; the statues of apostles and saints, and of martyrs and virgins, many of which appeared, in the twilight, as though they were going to step from their pedestals and niches and mingle with the crowd beneath; the solemn tolling of bells, which informed you that the mystery of the mass was being celebrated at many an altar; and the strange mixture of clergy, monks, soldiers, and civilians,' befitted the occasion. As the head of the procession entered St. Peter's, the hymn 'Veni, Creator Spiritus' rang through the building. The Pontifical Crucifix, preceded by the singers and the Pope's Prelates in their robes, appeared in the distance. The Abbots, Bishops, Archbishops, Primates, Patriarchs, and Cardinals came next. The great functionaries employed in the administration of Rome followed. Then came the Pope, followed by the Generals of the Congregations and the regular Orders and the officials of the Council. The procession occupied about an hour. Most of the Bishops were dressed in white watered silk with gold fringe, the colour being now and then enlivened by touches of blue or pink. The costume of the Oriental Bishops was the most variegated. Some of these were men of commanding presence, others diminutive and insignificant-looking. Seven-tenths of them had their hair 'silvered by years.' The Pope looked benign and well-pleased. He told the

assembled ecclesiastics that his breast was suffused with consolation. After various religious ceremonies the Pope took his seat, dressed in his Pontifical robes, and the members of the Council approached one by one and made their obeisance, the Cardinals kissing the Pope's hand, the Patriarchs, Archbishops, and Bishops his right knee, and the Abbots his foot."

AFTER reading the above description of the Œcumenical Council, we thought of a visit we paid some time since to a cottage in the country. It was a poor little mean building, with a small window and door, and a stone floor, but it possessed a loving interest, beauty, and glory to the eye of faith, before which the brightness of the Romish pageant was as darkness itself. In it dwelt an aged saint; she had been blind for forty years, and had no sources of income but a mere trifle per week from the parish, supplemented by a few shillings received from some kind friends who loved and visited her—members of the same Christian community. Her only companion at the time of our visit was her poor old husband, his faculties half gone, and his limbs bent and stiffened with age. He was deaf and could hardly move, and it was touching to witness the deep sorrow which looked out of his poor old grey eyes, as he gazed ever and anon at his loved wife, seeming constantly to deplore his inability to hear what she said, or give her the attention she required. Until his strength failed, he had worked hard for her, and had been a most affectionate husband. On the occasion of our visit, this aged Christian was sitting up on a wooden high-backed chair by the side of a small table, and with a few dying embers upon the old-fashioned hearth. Thin and worn and pale, her saintly and beautiful face was almost transformed by the graces of meekness, patience, and submission which shone forth through it; forming such a picture as would have realised the highest ideal of the purists of the Church of Rome. Perfect peace indeed seemed to breathe from the face of this aged saint, as it was most certainly her portion. She was full of love, cheerful and happy, impatient

to be gone, her greatest anxiety being to be kept patient till the Bridegroom of her spirit should come. She could not sleep at night on account of the cold, and for three or four hours felt very sick on account of her weakness; *then*, she said, the hours *did* seem long; and, if she wanted anything, she said she could not make her poor old husband hear now he was so deaf, and she often felt she would die in the night without his knowing it. Under these circumstances, she feared sometimes she was impatient, and prayed the Lord to come and fetch her; but she hoped to have grace to wait His time. She did not, however, complain; everybody, she said, was so kind to her. The great problem of providence which her faith could not read was, that her poor worthless life was spared, when so many so much more valuable were taken away. On its being suggested to her that if one of her kind neighbours would boil an egg for her, and beat it up with some crumbs of bread, and put it into a cup beside her bed,—she could reach it and feed herself in the dark with her fingers,—which would help her sickness,—she shed tears of gratitude. We hardly know which seemed the deepest in the experience of this aged saint, her sense of her own unworthiness, or of the free and unmerited love of Christ: the latter was so deep in her that the smallest gift, the reading a chapter, a visit, a prayer, appeared to overwhelm her, and unaffected, spontaneous, and irrepressible confessions of her own unworthiness and of gratitude to God would flow forth.

On taking leave of her, we thought of the sublime words of Christ's intercessory prayer: "And the glory which thou hast given me I have given them"—the glory of perfect and free access to the Father, the spirit of adoption, fellowship and oneness with the great Trinity in Unity, and a meetness for and a right and title to eternal life. In this poor cottage was one who, though frail, poor, and despised, was possessed of regal life, reigning indeed with Christ, and by her prayers influencing the heart of God, and all things through Him. Men can cover themselves with the external glory of an ecclesiastical system,

but hers was the glory of the King of kings and Lord of lords. This glory is free to us all, and the highest and sublimest life is open to the meanest and poorest, that of fellowship with God, and silently witnessing to the power of that gospel which sustains the soul beneath the greatest affliction, and enables it to reflect the light and beauty of every Christian grace in the darkest night of this world's tribulation.

Faith droops her head in silent nooks
  By human feet untrod,
Fed by the secret dew of love,
  Grows upwards towards its God;
And, as the sun flies through the heavens,
  Its eye is never dim,—
Closed to the glories of the earth,
  It opens free to Him.

As lives a flower in some dark lonely cell,
Unknown, but fragrant, pale and beautiful,
And fed by one poor solitary ray,
Still upward grows and blossoms towards the day,
So lived old Bessie, poor and weak and blind,
Her only wealth her hope and peaceful mind.

As in some distant wood, 'neath changeful skies,
Sweet bashful beauties ope their quiet eyes,
Reveal the glories of their secret cells,
And hidden cups where sweetest nectar dwells;
So, in the pensive lines of Bessie's face,
There dwelt the beauty of a regal grace.

As an Æolian harp of tremulous strings,
Touched by the slightest breeze, oft sweetly sings,
So this pure soul attuned by God to praise,
For smallest favours its sweet psalms would raise;
Poor in the favours health and wealth impart,
Rich in the hidden music of the heart.

And so, the outward world all hid from view,
This hidden life in strength and beauty grew;
And mercy's hand all silently upreared,
In fading form a beauty all revered;
And, in the darkness of the passing years,
Wrote out her love in sunlight and in tears.

And say now, child of wealth, what have you more
Than this meek soul, however vast your store?
Her heart its secret sonnets oft could sing,
Her humble room the palace of a king;
And, though she felt her Father's chastening rod,
Yet was her soul the very house of God.

And what the pomp and pageantry of kings
To this sweet cot, where mercy lives and sings?
What are the glories of the sunlit plains
To this sweet nook, where patience dwells and reigns?
Or, what the honour which the world oft gives,
To that conferred where saintly beauty lives?

Fleeting Shadows; or, Saintly Beauty.

IF we learn to measure the bravery of Christian acquirements rather by the inward effort they cost than by their display, if we estimate character more by the standard of Christ's beatitudes than by what we short-sightedly call results, we shall find some of the sublimest fruits of faith among what are commonly called passive virtues: in the silent endurance that lies under the shadow of great afflictions: in the quiet loveliness of that forbearance which suffereth long and is kind; in the charity which is not easily provoked; in the forgiveness which can be buffeted for doing well and take it patiently; in the smile on the face of diseased and suffering persons, a transfiguration of the tortured features of pain

brightening sick-rooms more than the sun; in the unostentatious heroisms of the household, amid the daily dripping of small cares; in the noiseless conquests of a love too reverential to complain; in resting in the Lord and waiting patiently for Him. Have you yourself never known the time when you found it a harder lesson to learn how to be still in your own room than to be busy in the world? Of masculine natures that is apt to be the special cross,—and so that may be the point where faith and virtue need to rally their strength, if you would be a triumphant disciple? It is a fact which not all of us may have noticed, that of the nine Beatitudes of our Lord, all, unless it be one, pronounce their blessing on what the world would call tame and passive traits, from the poor in spirit to those who are reviled and persecuted without revenge. So does Christianity turn upside down the vulgar vanity of our ambition, and empty our worldliness of blessedness.—*F. D. Huntington, D.D.*

Fleeting shadows—forms of beauty,
  Oe'r the earth they come and go,
Pale and like the moonbeams pensive,
  Glancing on a bank of snow.

Few eyes see them, few hearts miss them,
  Like the moods of changeful sky,
Calm and silent, swiftly passing,
  Their sweet beauty glances by.

What the messages they bring us?
  Gentle as the dew they fall;
Often by their patience pleading,
  By their silence teaching all.

Changeful glories of the heavens,
  Shining oft on thoughtless eyes;
But our God knows His own beauty,
  Where it lives and where it dies.

Reading with the Lips; or, the Ingenuity of Love.

WE have read somewhere of a poor blind woman who, having been brought to find peace in Christ, devoted herself very anxiously to try and learn to read the gospels in the usual way through her fingers. On making the attempt, she found the skin on the tips of her fingers too hard and indurated to impart to her through the sense of touch the shape of the letters. On making this discovery she burst into a flood of tears, and, raising the book to her lips, imprinted upon its leaves a passionate kiss, exclaiming, "O blessed Saviour, shall I then never be able to read of Thy love," or words to that effect. Through that kiss, however, she found that through her lips she could discover the shape of the letters, and learned to read the words she so loved through her lips.

We have heard R———, who is quite blind, read and preach the gospel most gloriously.—*Letter from a Friend.*

Love with her lips doth oft read out
  Sweet lessons from within,
And to the heart and through the lips
  God's love too can flow in.

Again love's parable we read,
  Oh, who can love control?
And through the lips our God doth press
  His love upon the soul.

Almighty Lord, we dare not say
  Thy wonders ever cease;
Thy grace can pass through poor frail lips,
  And give the lone heart peace.

Science and art, inventive toil,
  But love the poor befriends,
Her grace steals through the moving lips
  And blind men's finger ends.

Ah, Christ will seek his wandering child,
  However dark the night,
And through the lips, when eyes are closed,
  Will pour a flood of light.

O glorious Lord, Thy words are light,
  The blind through them can see;
The orphan soul becomes Thy throne,
  A temple, Lord, for Thee!

Through sense of touch, all senses Thine,
  Thy grace can reach the heart,
And blind men's lips thus taught of Thee,
  Life, love, and joy impart.

But, if through lips and fingers frail
  The blind Thy love can see,
How dark are those who, having sight,
  Spurn both Thy word, and Thee.

Angels and Ideals.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.—Think about yourself: about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either. In heaven either, I say. For that proud, greedy, self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell for the great devil himself, it was by

pride, by seeking his own glory—that he fell from heaven to hell. He was not content to give up his own will and do God's will like the other angels. He was not content to serve God, and rejoice in God's glory. He would be a master himself, and set up for himself, and rejoice in his own glory; and so, when he wanted to make a private heaven of his own, he found that he had made a hell. When he wanted to be a little god to himself, he lost the life of the true God, to lose which is eternal death. And why? Because his heart was not pure, honest, simple, unselfish. Therefore he saw God no more, and learned to hate Him whose name is Love.—*Kingsley's Sermon.*

"God hath His angels everywhere."

In every street
We trace their feet,
Although we see no feather;
Some shut each eye,
And then they cry,
Oh, they're gone altogether!

We look for wings
And other things,
Consistent altogether;
Robes pure and bright,
And all things right,
E'en to the smallest feather.

A beauteous face,
With ev'ry grace,
And tasty altogether;
Sweet, bright, and clear,
All through the year,
In spite of wind and weather.

Poor Lady Plum,
Was often glum,
But dearly loved a wrangle;
No angel fair,
With bright red hair,
She said e'er turned a mangle.

"These times, O dear!
All's wrong, I fear,
Praise God I am not able!"
But, poor old Nell,
His love could tell,
Behind my lady's stable.

Sir Wilfred Plum
Too, oft was glum,
Expecting coming sorrow;
In sumptuous room,
He lived in gloom,
And feared the coming morrow.

He deeply feels
The low ideals,
"Saints now are all in fiction;"
He loves his pen,
And paints *his* men,
In bright poetic diction.

But still his pen,
And ideal men,
His spirits did not rally;
His mansion stood,
Not in a wood,
But, ah! close to "Bit alley."

There in a room,
There dwelt a groom,
He was not bright or handsome,
He broke his head,
Was brought home dead—
He used to drive a Hansom.

His battered brains,
And many pains,
Much altered his behaviour;
For many weeks,
With wetted cheeks,
He weeping sought the Saviour.

And there he lay,
Day after day,
His sorrow none allaying;
He was so weak
He could not speak,
And so his heart kept praying.

At last a chum,
Not Winfred Plum,
For Christ's sake came most willing,
He'd no ideal,
But he could feel,
And so he halved his shilling.

Victory at Last; or, Simple Enough to be Saved.

WE had visited Mrs. B. many times. She was dying of internal cancer, and her mental and bodily sufferings were very great. She was deeply convinced of sin, believed in Christ, but could not venture upon Him so as to get rest.

The night before she died, fear and anxiety were painfully depicted upon her poor, worn face; and we said to her just before leaving: Well, now for a text for the night, perhaps you may not see the morning; repeat after me, "He that believeth *hath* eternal life." We requested her to repeat these words three times to fix them on her memory as a dying pillow, emphasising the word, "*hath, hath* eternal life."

On calling to see her in the morning, we found her still alive, but what a change! The clouds had passed off her face, hope shone through her eyes, and sweet peace shed a calm over every feature. I put my ear close to her dying lips, she could just move them, as she looked up gratefully and said, "*hath* eternal life," "*hath* eternal life," "*hath* eternal life." We said to the Christian woman nursing her, "Victory at last." "Yes," she replied, "she was made simple enough to be saved at last; upon those words you repeated to her last night she seemed able to rest, and she has been at peace ever since." In that peace, a few days afterwards, she died, another trophy of redeeming grace: "Simple enough to be saved."

How strange that we should love to hear,
  And often strive to preach,
Of deeds in time and works sublime,
  We seek but never reach.

How strange that we so hungry—poor,
  And burdened oft by care,
Neglect the bread before us spread,
  To feed upon the air.

How strange that we, wild storms without,
  And sin and grief within,
With fleeting breath in arms of death,
  Should think that we can win—

—Win through our works what God must give,
  Salvation full and free;
O Jesus, save and make us brave
  To trust alone in Thee.

Simple enough, Lord, to be saved,
  To find our all in Thee;
To Thee allied the crucified,
  From guilt and bondage free.

The Whispered Name; or, Death's Antidote.

A GERMAN Rationalist, who had been brought to a knowledge of Christ, having a presentiment of his death, called his little daughter to him and said, "Beatè, I think I shall soon be struck by the hand of death, and I wish you to promise that when you see me lying in my last extremity you will whisper in my ears the name of Jesus, for I want to go through the dark valley carrying that name within my soul." The father shortly sickened, and when Beatè whispered the Saviour's name in his ear, during his last moments, his glazed eyes once more lighted up in grateful love and then closed for ever. O blessed name of Jesus, Thou didst indeed break upon this sin-stricken earth, gentle as the morning light, but withal so full of potent influences that all fear dies in Thy presence, and the storm of death itself is hushed to peace!

The light which makes the eyes to speak,
  Look joy 'mid failing breath,
Is light which flashes from a sun,
  Beyond the mists of death—
A beam of Christ's eternal love,
It lifts the soul all clouds above.

The name of Christ from infant lips
  Wings faith beyond the skies,
Flashes the light of coming bliss,
  And glory through the eyes.
O potent name, the death of fear
In this life, pardon—all come near!

As falls the dew on broken flower,
  Or morning's early breath,
So gently falls the name of Christ
  On drooping hearts in death.
A child can whisper in the ear
That which all heaven oft waits to hear.

O name so gentle, yet so strong,
  The soul's true wealth and dower;
The heart unlocks at Thy approach,
  And opens like a flower;
Blossoms, all fear and clouds above,
Filled with the odours of God's love.

O costly treasure of the heart,
  Thy beauty men deride,
Faith shows this pearl at heaven's own gates
  And finds they open wide;
With songs of joy she enters in
A victor over death and sin.

Wisdom and Weakness; or, the Idiot's Rebuke.

"Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xviii. 3.

MR. in preaching at a B——, had often observed a youth in the congregation who appeared to listen to the gospel with great interest and apparent joy. He was a bright intelligent looking youth; but the preacher, to his great surprise, learned from his parents that he was mentally so weak that he could not be taught the simplest elements of human knowledge, and seemed unable to fix his attention upon any object for any length of time together. And yet this youth was a consistent member of his father's church.

His parents stated, with tears in their eyes, that they well recollected the time when the poor youth became anxious about his soul; hearing his voice in his room more than

usually loud, they were induced to listen outside his door, and to their astonishment and joy, they heard their poor idiot boy confessing his sin, and pleading most earnestly the name of Jesus for mercy.

This was a touching scene indeed; but one upon which the angels of God would look down with joy: the boy weeping with sorrow for his sins within his room, and his parents with joy without.

They had other children, vigorous, strong, and bright intellectually, for whom they had prayed, but whose hearts remained untouched and unsubdued by the love of Christ; but here was their poor helpless and, as they thought, hopeless boy, given to them in answer to their prayers. Oh, what grace and mercy was this which had thus created such an oasis of spiritual beauty in the wilderness of their despair! Oh, how tender and wise that infinite love which could breathe through this poor bruised reed the sweet music of mercy! How gentle those fingers which could touch the strings of this poor frail harp and bring from its strings such notes as were sweet to the ear of heaven.

Truly God can turn the shadow of death into the morning, and out of the mouths of babes and sucklings perfects praise; and this humble home, through His blessing, was for a time made a very Bochim of weeping, and yet a palace of divine joy, as the parents received that child into the sanctuary of their Christian love—who, although destined to be an outcast in the realms of culture and intellect, was, nevertheless, a child of God and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

This youth came before the church, and in broken accents told the simple story of that old, old love by which even his mind had been enlightened and his poor heart had become the chamber of the Saviour's presence and throne of the King of kings and Lord of lords. Broken and scattered as were the elements of his mental strength, there was a light which could unite them all in his experience in the exhibition of a Saviour's beauty; frail and inconstant as were the movements of his

heart, there was a love which could subdue its wanderings and make it the permanent residence of Christ.

Outcast as the soul of this poor idiot appeared to be, destined in the eye of reason to be a fugitive and vagabond in the realms of mind for ever, there was a place, where under the guiding hand of God it found rest and as glad a welcome as the kings and peers of this world's intellect and strength—*the Cross of Christ*—there, even his eyes could weep under the influence of that love which has conquered its myriads, and his conscience find peace in that blood which cleanseth all who believe.

C. H. had the pleasure of meeting this poor youth at his parents' home. On seeing him, the latter seized his hand, exclaiming, "I am so glad to *see you.*" Well, you are glad to see all who love the Saviour, are you not? "Yes," he said, "but I like those preachers best who preach Christ most," adding, with an artless simplicity, but with a bright and joyous expression of face which was simply indescribable—"You know, sir, I cannot understand anything else." The preacher went on to talk to the youth, and found that his creed was made up of two things which he had learned well,—that he was a sinner, and Christ was his Saviour; and of the latter he never seemed weary of hearing, the very mention of His name lighting up his face and making it radiant with joy.

Poor youth, in thy simple faith thou hast the elements of all future knowledge and bliss; and that which on some future day will shame those, who, though possessed of all the elements of mental strength and external advantages, fail through prejudice or pride, to understand and read the full meaning of that wondrous love which could imprint its saving beauty and grace upon the intellect and heart of a poor idiot boy.

And shall I fail to read
  Love's legend with delight,
Nor ever see God's sun
  And shining stars at night;

And shall I only weep
  The darkness of the world,
Nor see in every storm
  Love's banner still unfurled.

Shall children, idiots, babes,
  Behold with sweet delight,
The very light of Love,
  While I am lost in night!
O God, subdue my heart,
  Make me a little child,
Nor leave my heart to death
  By self and pride beguiled.

What can we understand,
  How little can we know:
Our highest wisdom here,
  Thy wisdom, Lord, to know;
All else beside is vain,
  Christ only makes us free;
The truth we vainly seek,
  Lives only Lord in Thee.

Whate'er we know at best
  Is crude, imperfect, small,
Of truth, and life, and peace,
  Thou art, O Christ, the all;
We toil, and strive, and fret
  To live by what we see,
Until, by sorrow spent,
  We turn, O Christ, to Thee.

This wisdom of the Just
  Is hidden from the wise,
Though oft revealed to fools,
  And those the great despise;
It dwells with simple faith
  Which glories in the cross,
And counts all else beside
  As less than dung and dross.

It gilds the monarch's brow
  With lustre all divine,
Nor pales its wonted fires
  Where reason's altars shine;
It makes the wise more wise,
  The fairest yet more fair,
Its regal splendours bright as day
  The poorest heart can share.

O Christ, make me a child,
  That I Thy truth may know,
And keep me near those wounds
  Whence Thy sweet love doth flow;
That so 'mid storm or calm,
  Thy love I may pursue,
The one great object of my life
  To keep Thy Cross in view.

The Wandering Sheep.

"YOU don't seem at all as you used to be," said Mrs. B., grasping her sister's hand. "No," she replied, bursting into tears, "the world has never appeared to me in the same light since I lost my last boy."

The slighted shepherd saw a dam
  That from his flock would stray;
He coaxed, he called, he used his crook,
  Still she would have her way.

At last he stooped; caught up her lamb,
  And bore it up the hill,
To where the sweetest pastures grow,
  And copious dews distil.

Bleating, with hasty steps, the dam
  The shepherd now obeyed;
And, following in his footsteps, found
  Her food, and fears allayed.

And thus the Shepherd of those plains
  Where sunlight ever falls,
Beheld his child on wandering bent,
  Deaf to his many calls.

He stretched His hand and took *her* child,
  And raised it to His breast;
The mother weeping kissed His hand,
  And following Him found rest.

True Love; or, the Indian's Gift.

"IN a portion of the Southern territory from which the red man has now been driven, a meeting was held in the wild forest. The theme of the preacher was 'Christ, and Him crucified.' The preacher spoke of the love of the Good Shepherd, who came into the world to seek and save the lost. He told how this Saviour met the rude buffetings of the heartless soldiers, and the mockery and scorn of the ungrateful Jew. He drew a picture of Gethsemane, and the crucified Nazarene bleeding upon the cross. He told his wild congregation how the kind Jesus was stricken of God and afflicted; wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities. He told the Indians, that all men like sheep have gone astray; all have turned, every one his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all; and the Lord Jesus, as a Good Shepherd, laid down his life for the sheep.

"Soon there was a slight movement in the assembly, and a tall son of the forest, with tears on his red cheeks, approached the pulpit, and said, 'Did Jesus die for me—die for poor Indian?'

"'Yes,' said the preacher. 'Jesus died for sinners.'

"'Me give Jesus,' replied the Indian, 'my dog, my rifle.'

"'Jesus,' said the preacher, 'does not want such gifts.'

"'Me give Jesus my blanket, too. Poor Indian, he got no lands to give Jesus—the white man take them away. Poor Indian got no more to give."

"The preacher replied, 'Jesus is now risen, and is in heaven at the right hand of God, and He can and will make rich those who will believe in Him.'

"The poor, ignorant, but generous child of the forest bent his head in sorrow and meditated.' He raised his noble brow once more and fixed his eye on the preacher, while he sobbed out, '*Here is poor Indian, will Jesus have him?*'

"A thrill of unutterable joy ran through the soul of the preacher and of the people, as this fierce son of the wilderness now sat, in his renewed mind, at the feet of Jesus."

"Will Christ have me?" O noble gift,
All gifts indeed in one;
A ray of light from Jesu's face,
And lo! the work was done;
Banished all darkness, conquered sin,
And Christ himself enthroned within.

O peerless love! O kingly grace!
O light of beauty born!
How soon Thy brightness heals the soul
By pride and sorrow torn;
The darkest soul by love made free,
A willing captive turns to Thee.

"Will Christ have me?" O noble gift,
Of love the fruit and test;
Thus giving all we all receive,
The heart for ever blest;
Giving ourselves the best we give,
And thus our hearts begin to live.

Poor child of nature, thou dost teach
How we can reach true life;
How pride and self subdued by love
Brings death to all our strife;
In giving all, O Christ, to Thee,
We reach the love which sets us free.

None are too poor to pay this price,
Ourselves the price we pay,
And this withheld, we nothing give,
Whate'er the world may say;
Our freedom's price, the power to bless,
Ourselves indeed, and nothing less.

For Him; or, all for Christ.

He was a young man with good temporal prospects; in a few years his situation would have been worth some hundreds a year to him. He had laboured for Christ; preaching His gospel with great success in a very low neighbourhood, and among a very poor people; finding, as the cause grew, it needed all his time, he determined to leave his situation, and to accept the unanimous call of the people he had gathered together, although the most they could offer him was £40 per annum. On some of his friends trying to break his resolution thus to devote himself, and pointing out to him the future poverty and hardships which were inevitable, and the many sacrifices he must make, he simply replied, "Well, be it so, all for Him, all for Him."

For Him.

I gird my loins as best I may,
And hasten upwards towards the day,
And, if you ask why haste away?
I say, "For Him!"
I take my lamp, but small its light,
And, if you ask what means this flight,
And why I face a starless night?
I say, "For Him!"

I join my own, "the hope forlorn,"
Nor from the battle will I turn,
Ask ye, why thus with zeal I burn?
I say, "For Him!"

I launch my bark—the rocks I see,
'Mid storms, and clouds, and mystery,
Ask ye, why thus the shore I flee?
I say, "For Him!"

I venture forth, I break each chain,
To face the storm and wind and rain,
And, if you ask "What will you gain?"
I say, "For Him!"

I yield up loved ones, friends, and name,
Forsake the smiling path of fame,
And, should my choice your wisdom blame,
I say, "For Him!"

Weak—poor, I bend o'er barren soil,
And, if you say seek rest awhile,
Why for the thankless ever toil?
I say, "For Him!"

My former gain I count my loss,
And this world's best now worse than dross,
And, if you ask what means that cross?
I say, "For Him!"

Outside of Hope.

OH! how much of life there is that lies outside of hope! Oh! how much of life there is that writhes as if it were possessed with a devil as it is! And how few there are to stand by the lost, the outcast, the neglected, the overthrown, the destroyed, as Christ would, healing, forgiving, comforting, guiding! There is many a chance where you could watch with

Christ; but you pass by it. It shocks your feelings, or you have not time; or, more likely, you have not the heart. And yet again, and again, and again your brother and mine has fallen down in his blood; and we have been guilty in this: that we have left him unsuccoured, and uncheered, and uncomforted on the cold theory, "He brought it on himself; he must reap what he sowed; he must bake as he brewed." But so did not Christ.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Drowned.

Dripping, dripping, cold and frozen,
On a cold, dark winter's night;
"Take this body! now then lift it!"
Hide it, hide it, from the light!

"Quickly, quickly, do not tarry,
We've a heavy burden here;
Stay, lads, why this haste and hurry,
Perhaps the girl deserves a tear!"

Weeping, weeping, gently brothers!
This poor girl without a name,
Fell by those whose virtue spurned her,
Bury England's curse and shame.

Help the Fallen.

HE who, like Christ, admits the brotherhood of men and cares tenderly for all—for the tempted; for those who are out of the way; for those who are sufferers, even though they are suffering by the penalty of their own sin; he who looks upon men's sins, their crimes, their vices, and the sorrows which spring from them, not in an adjudicatory spirit, not in the spirit of one who measures by the law of justice, certainly

not in the spirit of criticism, but as if the offenders were his own beloved brethren, and when he sees sorrow and suffering, hides not himself from it, but stands by it, and feels that he has a mission to it—he who stands by his fellow-men from day to day, may eminently be said to be watching with Christ. Christ is now, not under the olive-tree, nor over against Jerusalem, but everywhere. Wherever one is with the poor and needy—whether it be upon the plantation, or in the leafy forest, or in the lumberman's tent, or in the log-cabin of the frontier, or in the canal-boat, or upon the ship's deck, or in the mine, or in the streets, or in cellars, or in attics, or in haunts of vice, or in those dreadful chambers beyond where vice torments before it slays, or in hospitals, or in jails—there Christ is.

Still further, those especially who are watching as Christ taught that we should watch, are those who watch for the souls of men, and not for Christ alone. Every mother who stands by her children from day to day, watching for their unfolding into virtue; every father who succours the tempted children as they step out into life; every father and mother who, from day to day, carry their children again until they are born again into Christ; every one that looks upon the children of his friends and prays for them; every one that inspires the little child with upward knowledge; every one that pities and has compassion upon the ignorant, and upon those that are out of the way; every one that leads a young man from worse to better courses; every man who, for the sake of doing good to a soul, turns one single sinner aside from the evil that is in him; whoever goes after an intemperate man, to cheer him, to comfort him, to win him, and to bring him back; whoever goes to an impure man, to bring him to purity, and back to God, the Shepherd and Bishop of his soul; whoever goes to the careless; whoever builds up those who are beginning to be broken down; whoever believes in the truth and preaches it; whoever, night and day, is going out to seek and save the lost—every such one is in fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ. That is His work. Through the

ages He has been doing it in low and imperfect ways that will seem yet one day glorious. Christ lives to bring sons and daughters home to glory, and whoever keeps step with Him is His companion; and whoever goes, at some expense, whoever goes paying his own warfare charges, by thought, by toil, by self-denial, bearing souls onward and upward, is watching with Christ.—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

Brother, did the Saviour seek thee?
  Hast thou heard the Shepherd's voice?
Did it reach thee—did it guide thee?
  Doth thy heart in it rejoice?
    Give the Saviour more than pity,
    Help the fallen, seek the lost.

Brother, did the Saviour seek thee?
  Did He find thee far from God?
Did He bring the balm that healed thee,
  Though that balm was His own blood?
    Give the Saviour more than pity,
    Help the fallen, seek the lost.

Brother, did the Saviour find thee,
  Like a bird without a nest,
Hopeless, weary, sad, and fainting?
  Did He bring thy heart to rest?
    Give the Saviour more than pity,
    Help the fallen, seek the lost.

The Heart a Thousand Tendrils Has.

THE heart a thousand tendrils has,
  Of love and weakness born,
And these, in luring it to rest,
  May not be rudely torn;
They creep and twine round many things,
  Most subtle, hard to part;
In dealing with another's woe,
  Oh, show a brother's heart!

The heart has many hidden strings,
  And each its note will give,
But love's own skill must guide the hand
  Which makes the music live;
Oh, gently touch this broken harp!
  To prayer the skill is given,
And, mid life's discords, thou shalt hear
  Such strains as ravish heaven.

Lost Lambs.

DEAR brethren, do you know that you could not do anything that would touch my heart so much as that which you should do to my child? You might put a fortune upon my shoulders and I should be grateful; but he who helps my child to begin his life aright burdens me with gratitude a thousand times more. If my child were in peril, and you should succour him in a distant city, and the tidings should come home to me, I could not find words to thank you for what you did for him. I should be grateful if you did it for me, but not so much as if you did it for my child, because my child is himself and myself too; and my feelings for him are more than my feelings for myself. What you do for my child is the deepest and truest service that you can render me. And, how do you think it is in the bosom of your God and your Saviour? If you take up in your arms the despoiled, and the outcast, and the lost; if you wash them in your tears; if you are to them, in your small way, what Christ has been to you; if you call them, and bring them back again from wrong courses; and if you are permitted to stand in His presence in the last day, and say to Him, 'Here am I, and these,' what will be the joy which you shall experience! What will be that gladness, what will be that love, which will roll forth from the

soul of Jesus to any one of you that watches with Him on earth, and watches with Him in behalf of His little ones! — *Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

Bleating, bleating in the bleak wind,
  Shrinking from the cold night air,
Naked feet upon the pavement,
  Little limbs exposed and bare.

Shiv'ring, shiv'ring little faces,
  Shelt'ring 'neath their tangled hair;
In the streets, the courts, the alleys,
  Little children everywhere.

Birds have nests in which to nestle,
  Sheltered from the wind and cold;
Little lambs by care are guided
  To their pasture and their fold.

Buds upon the tree are covered,
  Shielded from the blast of spring,
And the hen her chickens gathers
  To the shelter of her wing.

But the children of our city,
  Wander houseless, cold, and bare.
Where's the love which melts in pity.
  Cheerful stoops their griefs to share?

Were it not that Christ the Shepherd
  Of His fold is still the door,
Keeps His bosom for the children,
  Death itself would leave them poor.

Eagles, to preserve their young ones,
  At the risk of life will fly
To their succour; human parents,
  Brutish, senseless, let them die.

O ye clouds! rain down your sorrow!
  Burning skies! come shed your tear!
Weep the children, lost by thousands,
  Sick and dying year by year!

Love's Appeal;

OR,

The Pleadings of Christ with a Young Disciple who had Turned Aside.

"Will ye also go away?"

AND will ye turn aside?
What have I done to thee?
Will ye My love deride,
And from My sorrows flee?
My life I gave for thee,
What hast thou given Me?

Say, have I failed thy love,
Or broken faith with thee?
Come, then, My love now prove,
Unchanging, full, and free;
Oft have I wept for thee,
Hast thou no tear for Me?

I left my Father's breast
To bleed and die for thee,
That I might bring thee rest,
Thy heart from sorrow free;
I left My all for thee,
What hast thou left for Me?

Through years I toiled for thee,
Oft weary day and night,
That ye might happy be,
And serve Me with delight;
All this thy faith can prove,
I only ask thy love.

And still I am thy Lord,
Thy loving, rightful King,
And faithful to My word,
Thy heart to rest would bring;
Why should My love oppress?
I only seek to bless.

And what dost thou pursue?
  Is it this world's poor smile?
Doth this hide Me from view,
  And thy poor heart beguile?
Have I denied thee aught,
My love thus sold for naught.

Anger is not in Me,
  Though grief is in My speech,
I fain would set thee free
  Again; thy heart would reach;
To wound thee gives Me pain,
Wilt thou pierce *Me* again?

What is the world at best?
  A bubble on time's stream,
Bright, sparkling, without rest;
  A passing, fevered dream;
Behold, it melts from view,
Wilt thou this dream pursue?

And is it true indeed
  For *this* from me ye turn?
Must not My heart then bleed
  As ye My love thus spurn?
To other lovers fly;
Proclaim My love a lie!

Hast thou forgot the hour,
  When, looking in My heart,
My blood removed with power,
  Sin's bitterness and smart?
These open wounds now see,
They weep again for thee.

Time was when from My brow
  Thou wouldst have plucked each thorn;
What have I done that now
  My wounds ye should not mourn?
Alas, how dark this hour,
If *these* have lost their power!

What more then can I say?
  Behold, My heart it bleeds;
Life swiftly speeds away,
  Behold, My love it pleads;
Wilt thou these pleadings spurn?
O faithless heart, return!

Death of a Thought.

You dread the death of a friend, but you ought to dread with deeper apprehension the dying out of spiritual aspirations from his heart. I am overcome by the loss of a child, but I know, if the New Testament is true, I ought to grieve more heartily when some new sin has defiled my conscience, and dropped a deeper veil between my soul and the God of my life. Tears and sighs mark all our way as we carry out our dear ones to burial, but there are no graves so mournful as those mammon digs for our uprightness, and sloth for our holier energies, and the world's flattery for our single-mindedness.—*F. D. Huntington, D.D.*

"THE apostle says, 'we are not sufficient of ourselves to think a good thought of ourselves.' Every good thought, therefore, is born in our hearts of God, and yet who thinks of his responsibility in relation to such thoughts; they often come to us like birds of Paradise with the light and beauty of heaven upon their wings, but so far from welcoming them, we too often scare them away by the noise and din of outward things; instead of making a nest for them in the warm bosom of our love, we cast them out to perish in the cold of non-observation or neglect. We mourn over our dead friends, but who has mourned over His dead, and often murdered, thoughts—thoughts, which if they had been cherished, would have done more for us than the very best of those who have most tenderly loved us."

With sunlight dancing on its wings,
  Love shining through its eyes,
It came, a fair and gladsome thing,
  Its birth-place in the skies.

It might have led to springs of truth,
  Above yond' shining hills;
Or slaked my thirst with those sweet joys,
  Which faith's own heart oft thrills.

It might have led to its warm nest,
  Hard by the tree of life,
To feast upon those luscious fruits
  Which kill all death and strife.

But, through a cloud of cold neglect,
  I found my bird had fled;
Yea, even more—I looked and wept,
  For lo! the bird was dead!

Oh, should these bright birds come again,
  So frail and yet so fair,
In love's warm nest, Oh, may they rest,
  Made mine by earnest prayer.

The Dying Preacher; or, Straight Lines not in Circles.

MR. G—— was a faithful and successful preacher of the gospel for many years. Upon his death bed a brother minister asked him if there was anything in his preaching which, if he had his time to go over again, he would alter. The dying man was silent for a time, and then replied—"Well, I think I would preach more in straight lines and less in circles."

Why should men's dreams our hearts perplex,
Why with vain babblings reason vex?
  Oh, hear the dying,
  Our time is flying—
In straight lines, not in circles!

Truth's waters gush from yonder rill,
Let us go *up*, not round the hill;
Oh, hear the dying, &c.

See o'er the sea yond' steady light,
Come, spread each sail—lo, comes the night!—
Oh, hear the dying, &c.

Come now, move on! proud self control,
Or we shall fail, nor reach the goal;
Oh, hear the dying, &c.

Straight on, in words of living fire,
Of burning love and strong desire;
Oh, hear the dying, &c.

Straight on in words of gospel light,
In God's own armour pure and bright;
Oh, hear the dying, &c.

Straight on, for men will toy and play,
'Till comes the night, and fades the day!
Oh, hear the dying, &c.

Straight on, for Jesus whispers come!
And we shall rest when we get home.
Oh, hear the dying, &c.

The Bible; or, Old Bessie's Book Best after all.

He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find that he has time to be sick; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who can find no time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself.—*H. More.*

POOR old Bessie, as some Christian friends called her, was a very aged Christian; and had outlived all her relations and early friends, with the exception of a few who lived at too great a distance to see her often. She had been almost bed-ridden for years, and was chiefly dependent upon a little weekly relief from the parish, supplemented by a little help contributed by a few Christian friends who loved her for the excellences of her Christian character. She lived in one room almost entirely dependent upon the kindly offices of her poor, kind neighbours, who had learned to love her for her habitual cheerfulness and kindness of disposition; necessarily she was much alone, her only companion and chief joy being an old Bible well marked and thumbed by constant use. When sometimes recommended to read other little books lent her by Christian friends, she would express her thankfulness for them, generally adding, however, they are very good; but, "the old book is best after all." The Word of God had been her solace and joy for years; it was, indeed, the food and medicine of her soul. She lived upon its promises, and with joy waited for the coming of her Lord. She departed suddenly, and, as might be expected, her end was peace.

On entering the quiet little room where she lay it was touching to see her old and faithful friend, the Bible, lying by the side of her coffin, with her spectacles folded between its leaves. We looked at the precious book with a reverence scarcely felt before; the spirit of the departed seemed to linger about its pages. Oh, how they were worn, and creased, and underlined, from one end of the book to the other. And, what a witness will this old Bible be against those who slight its teachings, or worse, treat them with contempt. On the pages between which her glasses were found were the following words, probably the last upon which, in the midst of death, her eyes fell, "And they shall see His face, and His name shall be upon their foreheads—prophetic words? She did see His face; He was the beloved of her soul; His name

was upon her forehead; in the midst of poverty, weakness, darkness, and sorrow, she had exhibited His beauty—and now she is not—for she was to see His face and be *like Him* for ever. "And I heard a voice saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow."

By the side of a coffin most plain,
  In which poor old Bessie found rest,
On a rickety three-legged stool,
  Lay the book the old lady loved best;
There it lay like a warrior chief,
  Who had often slain many a doubt,
And now from beneath its closed leaves
  The old lady's glasses peep out.

The old clock in the corner seemed sad,
  Its face wore a soft pensive air,
And looked as though trying to hear
  The sound of the old lady's prayer.
A flower, the owner's delight,
  She often had counted each leaf,
Looked drooping as though it would die,
  And shared in the silence and grief.

A cricket loud chirped on the hearth,
  But no one paid heed to its voice;
The sun threw his beams on the bed
  But no heart was now made to rejoice.
The chair the old lady most loved,
  Looked vacant as waiting its guest,
And the pictures looked sad in their frames,
  As missing the form they knew best.

But chiefly the Bible seemed sad,
  So battered, marked, faded, and old;
"Oh, what has become of my friend,"
  Her love has not surely grown cold.
I miss the warm touch of her hand,
  Her first gentle, early embrace;
Lost too, is the light of her eye,
  And the smile of her kind pensive face.

She walked in my fields with great joy,
  By the light of the sun ever bright;
Plucked fruit in my garden all day,
  And slept 'neath my wing through the night.
I guided her heart to its rest,
  Again and again dried her tears,
When lonely I whispered my love,
  And hushed all her sorrows and fears.

From winter I led to the spring,
  Where bright flowers for ever appear,
And the rivers and fountains e'er flow,
  And the trees yield their fruit all the year.
The mists and the darkness of sense,
  I often removed from her eye,
And bade her wrapt spirit to soar
  In a path where no eagle could fly.

Forsaken, and old, and forlorn,
  The hours were oft weary and long,
I showed her the city of gold,
  And cheered her poor heart with its song.
We sailed o'er the ocean of love,
  Unfathomed by plummet or line,
When fainting I held up her head,
  And revived her with flagons of wine.

When alone she sank helpless to die,
  And sighed in her pain for release,
I stooped and I moistened her lips,
  And gave her my last kiss of peace.

* * * *

O book, so neglected and hid
  From the healthy, and wealthy, and proud;
Oh, sad for this nation the day
  When your teachings are lost in the crowd.
Some now would step into your place,
  Honeyed phrases distil from their breath;
But let us, Oh, let us beware!
  Their sweetness perhaps covers death.

O book, the true glory of man,
  The treasure and wealth of the poor,
How oft in our night have ye chased
  The wolf of despair from the door?
Through travail, and torture, and toil,
  Our fathers through thee held their way,
Fought hard for the word of our God,
  That word we refuse to obey.

O book, the true balm of our care,
  The anodyne sweet of all pain,
Our star through the darkness of time,
  Sin's antidote, poison, and bane.
The beauty of age and of youth,
  Your virtues no poet can sing,
Ye pour into life its true joy,
  And rob even death of its sting.

Hold fast the old book, working men!
  The charter of freedom for all;
Let this but slip out of your grasp,
  In vain to your gods ye shall call.
The priest, or the tyrant, or knave,
  Will soon have your feet in their snare,
While you vapour and soar in conceit,
  Your freedom will melt into air.

O working men, often ye sing,
  "That Britons shall never be slaves,"
Take heed of your principles then,
  Beware of sleek falsehoods and knaves.
In tall talk and dreams ye may soar—
  We often ascend but to fall;
But, we all shall find out in the end,
  Old Bessie's book best after all.

The Master's Look; or, the Presence of the Alleys.

THERE are few professing Christians who think much of the daily toil and self-denial of the City Missionary, and but very few have a kind word of encouragement for such. Speaking to one of these earnest labourers in one of the poorest and most degraded districts of London, we remarked that he must often feel his work very trying, called upon to visit and witness so much vice and misery day after day; he replied, that such was the case, that he often felt as though his work would be too much for him, but, said he, "the Master gives me a look now and then, and when I catch a glimpse of Him, it helps me on wonderfully, and I think if He comes here, I may well follow."

A kingly presence oft was there,
Mysterious, moving everywhere;
We caught the beamings of His face,
His beauty often sought to trace;
His lofty brow and pensive eye,
With fitful gleams of majesty.

We often wondered whence He came,
Unknown His beauty, work, and name,
But, as He wandered neath the stars,
Light from His face revealed His scars;
He stooped to raise a child from earth,
And as He stooped we read His birth.

He hid His face, but wrote His name
In loving deeds disguised from fame;
In fetid courts, in crowded room,
In cold damp cells, mid dirt and gloom;
He bent His ear o'er fevered breath,
And wiped the brow when chilled by death.

His flowing skirts we loved to trace,
Mid sorrow, misery, and disgrace;
His beauty, like a beam of light,
Revealed the darkness of the night;
Now of these courts we'll not despair,
For lo, a King is working there!

The Holy Grail; or, the Mission to Lone Hearts.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them."

"The public spirit of Seneca is a sharp censure to many private-spirited Christians. "I would so live," said he, "as if I knew that I received my being only for the benefit of others."—*Secker.*

"Wherefore doth the Lord make your cup run over, but that other men's lips might taste the liquor? The showers that fall upon the highest mountains, should glide into the lowest valley. *Give and it shall be given you* is a maxim little believed."—*Ibid.*

"To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot. To mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own."—*Edwards.*

THERE are many professing Christians in this world who, like the knights of King Arthur's table, spend all their lives in the pursuit of the "Holy Grail" of a living and true communion of soul, and never find it, because overlooking poor, lone, sorrowful, and broken Christian hearts all around them, they seek it in mere symbolism, or the observance of certain outward formalities which cannot touch the heart, and, hence, often come to the conclusion that the *thing itself* is not to be found in this world, whereas, if they could but be forgetful of their dignity for a time, and go forth in the pursuit of the Lord's poor, and seek to alleviate their distress, they would find in abundance that for which their

hearts long, and their faith would be refreshed and increased at the same time.

Mr. C——. was a professional man of considerable property, and a real Christian, but when, by a sudden reverse of fortune, he was greatly reduced in his circumstances, it had such an effect upon his mind that for a time there was considerable danger that his brain would not regain its strength, and that his great mental depression would issue in permanent mental debility. One day, however, he opened his Bible on the words—"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be *glad for them;*" and he was led to ask himself what sad or solitary heart has been made *glad by me?* Conscience awoke, and he sallied forth there and then to seek out the sick and the afflicted, and to administer to them such help and consolation as was within the reach of his limited means. The result was that in a short time his health visibly improved, his mind was taken off itself, and ultimately he said he lost his sorrows in the ministering to the griefs of others. This was a sound cure, and the remedy is within the reach of all. The Great Physician will furnish the poorest with all that is required—chiefly a loving heart, and an acquaintance with His own words. The friend referred to used to say that he believed in the pursuit of the "Holy Grail" in this sense; that broken hearts were the best cups to hold the wine of a real spiritual communion, and that a good, loving, practical mission to lone hearts might be effectually used as a bracing tonic for a feeble faith, bad spiritual digestion, and often for the cure even of a weak head.

We need not seek for golden cups,
  However bright they shine,
A human heart is more than gold,
  And love is more than wine;
And broken hearts are ever near,
  Pierced through by want and grief,
Oft thirsting for a draught of love,
  To cheer and bring relief.

Oh! seek them out, these golden cups,
Sad hearts for ever near,
And brim them o'er with that sweet love.
Which kills all grief and fear;
We need not wait for fame or name,
Or prestige wealth imparts;
There is a mission all may join—
The mission to lone hearts.

The Sabbath; an Exile's Song.

THE working classes, in their efforts to abolish the Sabbath, and to destroy all reverence for it in the human mind, thinking by these means to get the entire disposal of the day into their own hands, are simply deceiving themselves, for, although we could not advocate state interference in this matter on religious grounds, yet on physiological grounds we can; and of this one thing the working classes may be sure, that all respect for the Sabbath destroyed, and men set free from all state control in this matter, many of them will soon, in their love of greed, rob their fellows of the day of rest, and transform the whole life into one scene of monotonous toil. The following fact, therefore, is especially worthy of the serious consideration of the working classes:

"During the excesses of the first French revolution, at the close of last century, Christianity and the Sabbath were abolished in France, but the mere necessities of man's nature compelled the atheistical government to institute a day of rest of their own, which they called a decade, occuring every tenth day. What a confession of the reasonableness of the divine command."—*Bishop of Calcutta's Sermons*, p. 163.

There is an admirable tract on this subject, by Professor Miller, of Edinburgh, entitled, "Physiology in harmony with the Bible."

AN EXILE'S SONG, SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN AT THE GOLD DIGGINGS, AUSTRALIA.

A mem'ry comes to-day,
Sweet, solemn, sácred, sad,
Of a river far away,
Which often made me glad;
Through fields, bright, green and fair,
It sang a pensive psalm,
The music filled the air,
And breathed a holy calm;
O holy river of delight,
Long hidden from this aching sight!

Methinks I hear thy song,
Sweet river of the past;
Thy notes I would prolong,
They oft have healed my heart;
I weep, I pray, and think,
On this far distant shore,
But Oh, I long to drink,
As I have drank before;
On this dry, arid, withered plain,
For thee I pant! I thirst in vain!

I follow thy sweet flow,
O river of the blest,
With heaven's own love aglow,
Thy very ripples rest;
I hear the village bells,
What joy thy waters give!
The evening hymn, it tells
Of hearts that drink and live;
Oh, could this stream my temples lave!
Less I might gain, more I should have!

We toil and seek for gold,
Life's sweetest joys all fled,
All young, we all are old,
Alive, we all are dead;

Oh, through this arid plain,
Blest river do thou come,
And kill this lust of gain,
Sweet river of my home!
Believe me now, I do not dream,
The Sabbath—this is life's fair stream.

O joy of brighter skies,
The glory of the years,
The light of pilgrim eyes,
The beauty of their tears;
Star on the brow of night,
Bright beacon of life's sea,
Faith hails thee with delight,
Loved most by those most free!
O child of peace, my heart now bless,
Oasis of the wilderness!

O fount, around whose brink,
In every clime and land,
Love's exiles rest and drink,
A worn and weary band;
O day, when mercy's voice
Falls gently on the ear,
Bids even grief rejoice,
And soothes the heart of care;
Angel of peace, beneath whose wing
God's birds find shelter as they sing!

O day, the poor man's wealth,
Wealth of each heart which feels,
Of love which works by stealth,
And hides the wounds she heals;
O day, the birth of rest,
To sons of toil how sweet,
Let all through thee be blest,
Thy praise let all repeat!
River of life, still onward flow,
Till earth like heaven with love shall glow.

O day, once quenched in night,
Thy children, who shall save?
Perished each pure delight
Thy death is virtue's grave;
Thence spreads the prurient breath
Of lust, and toil, and care,
The stagnant gloom of death,
And horrors of despair;
By whom shall freedom rise again,
Thus slaughtered, by her children slain!

The Terrible Biography.

THE Rev. G. M. MURPHY says that from the 1st of June to the 31st of August last, there were recorded in three of the public newspapers the following cases of murder, accidents, and crime, as resulting through the intemperate use of intoxicating drinks:—

Murders, manslaughters, and suicides	86
Fatal accidents and deaths by misadventure	77
Attempted murders and suicides	44
Violent assaults endangering life	41
Common assaults, disgraceful conduct, &c.	155
Robberies in public-houses and through drink	49
Furious driving and danger to life	13
Rape and indecent assaults	8
Charges against publicans	40

Strong Drink.

Liquid fire for ever burning,
All restraint and counsel spurning;
Snare of snares the mind bewitching,
Death's own charnel house enriching;

Dry rot in life's vessel spreading;
Upas tree, sin's poison shedding;
Stagnant marsh, whose fetid breath
Is laden with disease and death;
Bar of progress, fount of sorrow,
Spectre of the coming morrow;
Canker of the nation's wealth,
Robber of the nation's health;
Poison of our social life,
Source of murder, crime, and strife;
God of heaven, we look to Thee
From this curse, Oh, set us free!

The Wife's Appeal to her Drinking Husband.

MRS. P. was a godly woman, who struggled hard for her family for many years, but died at the early age of 41, destroyed by disease, poverty, and sorrow, the martyr, alas! as in the case of thousands, to her husband's intemperance.

Dear George, pray do not seek
The public house to-night,
'Tis long since we have spent
An evening with delight;
'Tis growing late; come, husband, come!
To-night you will not leave your home!

The day has seemed so long,
My work has worried too,
I wondered all the day,
What had become of you;
Were you at work? I could not tell,
But tried to hope that all was well.

I'm weary and want rest,
And little Will is sick;
And Kate is tired too,
As well as little Dick;
Come, dearest George, come stay, at home,
Hark! how the rain is pelting down!

Did you hear Willie cry,
Do not his heart distress,
You should have heard his prayer,
"O Jesus, father bless!"
Come, dearest George, now with us stay,
You will not, cannot say us nay!

There's Willie wants his kiss,
And Kate is waiting too,
They want to go to sleep,
They're waiting, dear, for you;
Come, give them now one fond caress,
And find at home your happiness.

Dear George, 'tis many years
Since you and I were wed,
What changes we have seen,
How many joys have fled;
How many things time here destroys,
Not sparing even youthful joys.

I think of early days,
The sunshine of past years,
Though memory breaks my heart,
And fills my eyes with tears;
I would not grieve you, George, but think!
How much we've lost, and lost through drink!

I look at this our home,
How poor, how dark and sad,
Our children pale and wan,
So poor and meanly clad;
Poor little birds, how can they sing!
For ever nursed 'neath sorrow's wing!

It was not always so;
You once were brave and true;
My heart, dear George, it breaks,
It often weeps for you;
Oh, fly this drink! this liquid fire!
The death of strength and pure desire!

Oh, think upon the past!
Look at our children dear;
Behold they fade and die,
The prey of want and fear;
Hast thou no love for them or me?
Arise, dear George! strive to be free.

For what too have you sold
Your children, home and wife?
To drink, and wicked men
Who seek the precious life;
Oh, dreadful vice! abyss of grief!
Where shall we fly! where find relief!

We know whence help must come,
We never need despair;
Once, George, you bowed the knee,
And sought for help in prayer;
Oh, let us go to God again,
We shall not seek his help in vain.

Quiet Bessie; or, the Drunkard's Wife.

"POOR Bessie is dead—literally killed inch by inch by her drunken husband. Oh, what a biography of sorrow and patient endurance was this poor Christian woman's life. What will now become of her little ones? it is impossible to say—the union seems inevitable."—*Private Letter.*

Quiet Bessie, ever working,
Worried oft in heart and head,
Toiling to support her children,
Struggling hard to win their bread.

In the morning cold and early,
  When the bitter winds blow bleak,
Forth to work goes quiet Bessie,
  Seldom is she heard to speak.

Wan and thoughtful, still she plods on,
  Thin and meanly is she drest;
Sometimes weeps but never murmurs,
  Locked her griefs within her breast.

Struggling, toiling, through long hours,
  Poor her food, and dim her sight,
Faint and weary, toil completed,
  Home to blows and grief at night.

Few the words of love which greet her,
  Known her sorrows to but few,
Dearly loved by all her children,
  And her neighbours poor but true.

As a rose its pale leaves folding,
  Bends its head beneath the storm,
Bruised and silent, weak and trembling,
  Droops poor Bessie's fading form.

Yet ONE eye her sorrows weighing,
  Marks her every sigh and tear,
Better hopes for her unfolding,
  Mercy yet shall bring them near.

Silent.

In a room, cold, dim, and silent,
  Like a bird in its own nest,
Calm her face, yet bright as morning,
  Quiet Bessie lies at rest.

Little children gather round her,
  Clasp the hands whence life hath fled,
Asking questions as they wonder
  At the silence on the bed.

In a churchyard—nature's garden,
Where at early dawn she weeps,
Through their tears her children crowning,
Quiet Bessie sweetly sleeps.

Unknown Martyrs.

NOT only from the floods and flames
Do Jesu's martyrs come,
Not only from their wounds and bonds,
Doth Jesus call them home.

But oh, from beds when anguish pines,
Through long sad nights of pain,
Where patience meekly bows her head,
And longs for death as gain.

From scenes where courteous hatred leers,
And love's own patience wears;
Where enmity sweet Truth reviles,
And lives upon her tears.

From homes where godly fear is veiled,
And purity oft weeps,
And meekness through the long dark night,
Her patient vigil keeps.

From fields of toil where love oft faints,
And weeps her strength away,
Yields, inch by inch, the precious life,
While waiting for the day.

Oh, what vast crowds for aye arise,
Ne'er seen but from afar,
All martyrs in the Saviour's cause,
Who never wore a scar!

Pray and Run; or, the Drunkard's Song.

MR. C. had been a Christian for many years but his face bore the marks of ill health and much conflict—he had been a drunkard.

In the midst of his sad and ruinous career, God mercifully touched him by sickness, and woke up his conscience to his true condition and danger; and, after a long and severe conflict, he found the rest, strength, and peace of his soul in Christ.

He became a teetotaller, and, on being asked if he did not occasionally feel the old fire wake up—the old thirst seize him? He said, "Yes." "And under such circumstances, what do you do?" enquired the friend. "I run home and pray all the way."

With a sad smile he said, 'I know there is some truth in the old proverb as slightly altered, at least, in my experience;—

'He who prays and runs away,
Lives to fight another day.'"

Mr. C. quite gained the victory over his terrible foe, and when we last heard of him, he was still a quiet, useful and retiring Christian.

Hast thou fallen, soul, by drinking,
Do not seek for strength in thinking;
Moth which flutters round the candle,
Finds the heat its life will strangle;
Do not strive drink's flame to smother,
Hear the language of a brother;
"He who prays and runs away,
Lives to fight another day."

Dost thou fear the coming morrow,
Crushed by failure, slain by sorrow?
Hast thou felt despair's cold finger?
Near temptation do not linger!
Do not strive drink's flame to smother,
Hear the language of a brother;
"He who prays and runs away,
Lives to fight another day."

O the tears, the woes, and wailing!
O the horror! strength all failing!
O the mental weakness—drivel!
And the fear of coming evil!
By these griefs thou canst not smother,
Hear the language of a brother;
"He who prays and runs away,
Lives to fight another day."

By the ruin and disaster,
Where vile habit is the master,
Passing pleasure, vain and hollow,
And the death most sure to follow;
Let not drink thy conscience smother,
Hear the language of a brother;
"He who prays and runs away,
Lives to fight another day."

Go Softly, Brother.

THE gifted, the loving, the generous, is gone! Another victim to strong drink.—*Private Letter.*

Go softly, Brother!
Be slow and sure,
It will secure,
The end in view
And keep thee true—
Brother!

Go softly, Brother!
But do not sleep,
The way is steep,
Haste is not speed,
Let caution lead,
Brother.

Go softly, Brother!
E'er comes the end
Thy back may bend;
And look around,
Mark well the ground,
Brother.

Go softly, Brother!
What wrecks appear!
They claim thy tear;
But all the way,
Oh, do thou pray,
Brother.

Go softly, Brother!
The wrecks you see
Were once like thee;
Thyself distrust,
In Jesus trust,
Brother.

Drink.

FOR each of us, no business can be of more pressing moment, of more urgent importance, than the discovery of our besetting sin. The bosom sin in grace exactly resembles a strong current in nature, which is setting full upon dangerous shoals and quicksands. If in your spiritual computation you do not calculate upon your besetting sin, upon its force, its ceaseless operation, and its artfulness, it will sweep you on noiselessly, and with every appearance of calm, but surely and effectually, to your ruin. So may we see a gallant ship leave the dock, fairly and bravely rigged, and with all her pennons flying; and the high sea, when she has cleft her way into it, is unwrinkled as the brow of childhood, and seems to laugh with many a twinkling smile; and, when night falls,

the moonbeams dance upon the wave, and the brightness of the day has left a delicious balminess behind it in the air, and the ship is anchored negligently and feebly, and all is then still save the gentle drowsy gurgling which tells that water is the element in which she floats; but, in the dead of the night, the anchor loses its hold, and then the current, deep and powerful, bears her noiselessly whither it will; and, in the morning, the wail of desperation rises from her decks, for she has fallen on the shoal, and the disconsolateness of the dreary twilight, as the breeze springs with the daybreak, and with rude impact dashes her planks angrily against the rock, contrasts strangely with the comfort and peacefulness of the past evening. Such was the doom of Judas Iscariot. Blessed with the companionship of our Lord himself, dignified with the apostleship, and adorned with all the high graces which that vocation involved, he was blinded to the undercurrent of his character, which set in the direction of the mammon of unrighteousness, and which eventually ensured for him an irretrievable fall.—*Goulburn.*

Drink has but a shallow cup,
  Soon we drain it dry,
To keep it sparkling at the lip,
  Many vainly try.

Though its pleasures many laud,
  Loud its praises sing,
Soon it mocks the fevered lip,
  Leaves behind its sting.

In its sweetness poison lurks,
  Madness in its joy,
All its golden promises
  Mixed with base alloy.

While the eye with rapture shines
  Gleaming in the cup,
Death puts forth his bony hand,
  And the game is up.

O my brother, hast thou felt
Drink too strong for thee?
Fly the danger; taste it not,
To the Saviour flee!

Yeddie; or, the First and Last Communion.

A POOR idiot, who was supported by his parish in the Highlands of Scotland, passed his time in wandering from house to house. He was silent and peaceable, and won the pity of all kind hearts. He had little power to converse with his fellow-men, but seemed often in loving communion with Him, who, while he is the High and Holy One, condescends to men of low estate. Yeddie, as he was called, was in the habit of whispering and muttering to himself as he trudged along the highway, or performed the simple tasks which any neighbour felt at liberty to demand of him. The boys, while they were never cruel to him, often got a little fun out of his odd ways. He believed every word they said to him; and because he had been told in sport that, if he once rode over the hills to Kirk in a donkey-cart, he would never be heir to the Earl of Glen-Allen, he refused all the kind offers of farmers and cottagers, and replied always in the same words: "Na, na; ill luck falls on me the day I mount a cart; so I'll aye gang on my ain feet up to the courts of the Lord's house, and be talking to Himsel' as I gang."

Once, when a merry boy heard him pleading earnestly with some unseen one, he asked, "What ghost or goblin are you begging favours of now, Yeddie?" "Neither the one nor the tither, laddie," he replied. "I was just having a few words wi' Him that neither yersel' nor I can see, and yet wi'Him that sees the baith o' us!" The poor fellow was talking to God, while the careless wise ones laughingly said, "He is talking to himself."

One day Yeddie presented himself in his coarse frock and his hob-nailed shoes before the minister, and making a bow, much like that of a wooden toy when pulled by a string, he said, "Please, minister, let poor Yeddie eat supper on the coming day wi' the Lord Jesus." The good man was preparing for the observance of the Lord's Supper, which came quarterly in that thinly settled region, and was celebrated by several churches together; so that the concourse of people made it necessary to hold the services in the open air.

He was too busy to be disturbed by the simple youth, and so strove to put him off as gently as possible. But Yeddie pleaded, "Oh, minister, *if ye but kenned how I love him*, ye wud let me go where He's to sit at table!" This so touched his heart that permission was given for Yeddie to take his seat with the rest. And although he had many miles to trudge over hill and moor, he was on the ground long before those who lived near and drove good horses.

As the service proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the poor "innocent," and at the name of Jesus he would shake his head mournfully and whisper, "But I dinna see Him." At length, however, after partaking of the hallowed elements, he raised his head, wiped away the traces of his tears, and, looking in the minister's face, nodded and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands and buried it between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given, and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and with a face lighted with joy, and yet marked with solemnity, he followed the rest.

One after another from his own parish spoke to him, but he made no reply until pressed by some of the boys. Then he said, "Ah, lads, dinna bid Yeddie talk to-day! He's seen the face o' the Lord Jesus among his ain ones. He got a smile fro' his eye and a word fro' his tongue; and he's afeared to speak lest he lose memory o't; for it's but a bad memory he has at the best. Ah! lads, lads, I ha' seen Him this day that I never seed before. I ha' seen wi' these dull eyes *yon*

lovely Man. Dinna ye speak, but just leave poor Yeddie to His company."

The boys looked on in wonder, and one whispered to another, "Sure he's na longer daft! The senses ha' come into his head, and he looks and speaks like a wise one."

When Yeddie reached the poor cot he called "home," he dared not speak to the "granny" who sheltered him, lest he might, as he said, "lose the bonny face." He left his "porritch and treacle" untasted; and after smiling on and patting the faded cheek of the old woman, to show her that he was not out of humour, he climbed the ladder to the poor loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look and another word "fro' yon lovely Man." And his voice was heard below, in low tones: "Aye, Lord, it's just poor me that has been sae long seeking ye; and now we'll bide together and never part more! Oh, aye! but this is a bonny loft, all goold and precious stones. The hall o' the castle is a poor place to my loft this bonny night!" And then his voice grew softer and softer till it died away.

Granny sat over the smouldering peat below, with her elbows on her knees, relating in loud whispers to a neighbouring crone the stories of the boys who had preceded Yeddie from the service, and also his own strange words and appearance. "And besides all this," she said in a hoarse whisper, "he refused to taste his supper—a thing he had never done before since the parish paid his keeping. More than that, he often ate his own portion and mine too, and then cried for more; such a fearful appetite he had! But to-night, when he cam' in faint wi' the long road he had come, he cried, 'Na meat for me, granny; I ha' had a feast which I will feel within me while I live; I supped with the Lord Jesus, and noo I must e'en gang up to the loft and sleep with him.'"

"Noo, Molly," replied granny's guest, "does na' that remind ye o' the words o' our Lord Himsel' when he tell'd them that bid him eat, 'I ha' meat to eat that ye know not of.' Who'll dare to say that the blessed hand that fed the

multitude when they were seated upon the grass, has na' been this day feeding the hungry soul o' poor Yeddie as he sat at his table? Ah, Molly, we little know what humble work He will stoop to do for his ain puir ones who cry day and night to Him! We canna tell noo but this daft laddie will be greater in the kingdom of heaven than the Earl himsel'—puir body—that looks very little noo as if he'd be able to crowd in at the pearly gate!"

"And oh, Janet, if ye could ha' seen the face of yon puir lad as he cam' into the cot! It just shone like the light, and at first, even afore he spoke a word, I thocht he was carrying a candle in his hand! I believe in my soul, good neebor, that Yeddie was in great company to-day, and that the same *shining* was on him as was on Moses and Elias when they talked with Jesus on the Mount. I e'en hope he brocht the blessing home wi' him to 'bide on the widow that was too auld and feeble to walk to the table, but who has borne with him, and toiled patiently for him, because he was one of the Lord's little and feeble ones."

"Oo, aye, doubtless he did bring home the blessing, and that ye'll get the reward o' these many cups o' cold water ye've given him; for what's the few pence or shillings the parish grants ye, compared wi' the mother's care ye give him!" said Janet.

"Aweel, aweel," replied granny, "if I get the reward it'll not be because I wrought for *that*. I seemed ne'r to ken, syne the day I took the daft and orphanted lad, that I was minding, and feeding, and clothing one of 'these little ones,' and I ken it better to-night than ever. I ha' strange new feelings mysel' too, neebor, and I'm minded o' the hour when our blessed Master came and stood among his faithful ones, the door being shut, and said 'Peace be unto you.' Surely this strange heavenly calm can no' be of earth, and who shall say that Himsel' is not here beside us twa, come to this poor place more for the daft lad's sake than oor ain?"

And thus these lowly women talked of Him whom their souls loved, their hearts burning within them as they talked.

When the morrow's sun arose, "granny," unwilling to disturb the weary Yeddie, left her poor pillow to perform his humble tasks. She brought peat from the stack, and water from the spring. She spread her humble table, and made her "porritch;" and then, remembering that he went supperless to bed, she called him from the foot of the ladder. There was no reply. She called again and again, but there was no sound above, but the winds whistling through the openings in the thatch. She had not ascended the ricketty ladder for years; but anxiety gave strength to her limbs, and she soon stood in the poor garret which had long sheltered the half-idiot boy. Before a rude stool, half sitting, half kneeling, with his head resting on his folded arms, she found Yeddie. She laid her hand upon his head, but instantly recoiled in terror. The heavy iron crown had been lifted from his brow, and, while he was sleeping, had been replaced with the crown of the ransomed, which fadeth not away. Yeddie had caught a glimpse of Jesus, and could not live apart from him. As he had supped, so he had slept—with Him.

A deep awe fell on the parish and the minister at this evident token that Christ had been among them; and the funeral of the idiot boy was attended from far and wide. A solemnity rarely seen was noticed there, as if a great loss had fallen on the community, instead of the parish having been relieved of a burden. Poor "granny" was never left alone in her cot; for He who had come thither after that last supper with Yeddie, was with her, even to the end. J. D. C.

She brought peat from the stack, and the porritch was made,
And her clean humble table was spread;
Then she thought of her lad, her poor idiot boy,
Who had gone to his supperless bed;
She called at the foot of the loft where he slept,
To come their plain meal to enjoy;
But never again shall the old granny's voice
Cheer the heart of the poor idiot boy.

The silence struck cold on the old woman's heart,
  As up the steep ladder she crept;
And its pulse throbbed so fast that she scarcely could breathe,
  As she entered the loft where he slept;
Before his rude stool, his head bowed on his arms,
  Like one hiding his face from the light,
Cold and silent lay Yeddie! his last night had past,
  For his spirit had taken its flight.

"*As he supped he had slept,*" the Master's own guest,
  And from Him he was never to part;
But the light which had printed Christ's face on his soul,
  Had broken the strings of his heart.
It was but a beam, but the mirror was frail,
  And the Master's bright image was fair,
So the hand of God's love took the picture above,
  To fix it more permanent there.

He had caught but a glimpse, but the beam was too bright,
  Of that face which makes heaven's own day;
Mercy shaded his sight with death's veil from the light,
  As on her bosom he nestled to pray;
"I've seen yon fair Mon, no more I can say,
  And a smile too I've seen in His e'e;
Now dinna ye speak, leave poor Yeddie alone,
  With His love and His sweet company."

"If ye kenned how I love Him!" said the idiot boy,
  "At His table you'd let my heart rest!"
So the Master came down when the night wind was hushed,
  And took the poor lad to His breast;
Poor weakling! no more thou shalt whisper thy grief,
  "But I dinna see Him that I love,"
Nor bury thy sorrowful face in thy hands,
  While waiting the light from above.

Poor heart, so forsaken, distracted, forlorn,
  Yet the home of our Saviour and King;
Oh, sweet light of love which could chase such a night,
  And the day-break of glory could bring!

Though the cottage was mean and the windows were closed,
  Through its refts Thy sweet beauty could shine,
And build in the soul of a poor idiot boy
  A throne and a temple divine.

Oh, sweet is the thought that the morning's pale dew,
  As it hangs on a half broken spray,
Can reflect by the fingers of light gently touched,
  The monarch and lord of the day;
And an idiot's face, though forsaken and blank,
  When illumed by the light of God's grace,
Can reflect the same beauty as the angels' above,
  When they gaze on the Saviour's own face.

O loft of poor Yeddie! so poor yet so rich,
  The birth-place of heaven's own King;
O chamber of peace! where such sweet love was born,
  As is nurtured 'neath mercy's own wing;
O palace of beauty! where Christ held His court,
  And swayed his own sceptre of love,
So kingly, that even an idiot's dark soul,
  Became lustrous with light from above.

O loft of poor Yeddie! the Bridegroom's own face
  Clothed thy walls with the purest of light,
As mercy came forth to robe her own child,
  In raiment all spotless and bright.
Oh, how bright Yeddie's face! as he looked at his King;
  His race ended ere scarcely begun;
As love gently kissed him and gave him the ring,
  By which she declared him her son.

Oh, beauty of the lowly heart,
  May we such beauty seek!
Oh, kingly grace which stoops to bless,
  The humble and the meek!
The wisdom of the world here fails,
  That glory cannot see
Which Christ alone reveals to those
  Who learn to bend the knee.

O come Philosophy, and sit
  At this poor idiot's feet;
And learn how wisdom's purest light
  The eye of faith can greet;
The intellect with eagle eye
  May proudly soar above;
The light of pardon, rest, and peace,
  Dawns on the eye of LOVE.

A Mother's Face.

A MOTHER'S face! it may be plain,
  And deeply marked by care,
And sorrow may have ploughed her lines
  In deep, rude furrows there.

But still more bright than light of day,
  Or youth's own bloom and grace,
Beams gently on the true, brave heart,
  A mother's homely face.

Time may have changed the locks to grey,
  Erst like the raven's wing,
The eyes no more with genius flash,
  Or light of love's own spring.

The face once bright is pale and wan,
  And oft suffused with tears;
But in the light of love's own eye
  What beauty still it wears!

Oh! silent lines of thought and care,
  How eloquent ye preach
Of long, sad vigils, patient love!
  Your praise what words can reach?

Oh! may such love ne'er lose its bloom
  Beneath neglect's cold blight;
This love which 'neath grief's cold, dark wing,
  Shines like a star at night.

Oh! as with joy the sleepless eye
  The break of day doth trace,
So may our hearts with faithful love
  Dwell on "a mother's face!"

The Ministry of a Mother's Face.

AS stars look through a placid lake,
  And see their faces fair,
So looks a mother on her child,
  And leaves her image there.

Long ere a child can use its lips,
  It reads its mother's face,
Catches the play of love's own thought,
  And lives upon its grace.

As falls the dew, and silent waits
  Its virtues to impart,
So gently steals a mother's love,
  Into an infant's heart.

Each look, each gesture is a book
  Which baby learns to read,
And on love's silent scrutiny,
  Most skilful is indeed.

As flowers in bloom, once dwelt in buds,
  By secret influence formed,
So little minds are shaped most fair,
  Or otherwise deformed.

The subtle forces of the eye,
  The movements of the face,
Are monitors of mystery;
  Their teaching who can trace?

Mothers, beware! your looks have speech!
  Your face is the child's sky;
Let stars of truth and love then shine
  In strength and purity!

The Death and Burial of a Minute.

IT died, the little, bright-eyed thing,
Just at the dawn of day;
Ere Faith awoke, behold, it slept!
And thus it passed away.

Faith sent with weeping eyes to Hope
To come her grief to share;
"Oh, yes, I'll come," said bright-eyed Hope,
"But, sister love—beware!

"You've many precious children left,
And many more to come,
Now watch and see their work is done
Before Love calls them home."

And so they took their wee, small thing,
And bore it to the grave;
And godly Fear and Zeal came in,
And wept, but could not save.

The place where Faith her treasure left,
Is very bleak and vast;
Myriads of precious things lie there,
And it is called the PAST.

With weeping eyes Faith left her love,
And wrote with bitter tears,
"Stranger, the passing moments nurse,
And thus preserve the years!"

"A Somnambulist."

A PICTURE BY J. E MILLAIS, R.A.

THOUGHTFUL eyes, awake, yet sleeping—
Beauteous form, asleep, awake!—
Where's thy soul its vigil keeping?
Doth she mark the path you take?

Solemn Beauty, pensive straying,
  Wrapped in silence, mystery;
Flickering light thy hand obeying
  By a dark and boundless sea!

Specks of light behind the stranger
  Show where rest and safety lie;
Will no angel whisper "Danger?"
  Must this form of beauty die?

Let us learn, then, through this sleeper,
  In her eyes a lesson see;—
Is not Death still here—a reaper
  By the margin of life's sea?

Move we, vaguely, onwards dreaming,
  Eyes awake, yet fast asleep,
In our darkness lost life's meaning,
  Light which makes us watch and weep.

Dreamer! wand'rer! who's thy keeper?
  Reason's sparks may round thee shine,
But our Artist, through his sleeper,
  Shows her danger mine and thine.

Ingenious Correspondence; or, Paris and the Pigeons.

WE cannot refrain from drawing the attention of our readers to one of the most singular phases of newspaper life that has ever occurred since newspapers were first printed. By an ingenious device, the matter of two whole pages of the *Times* has been transmitted from London to Paris. Those pages of the paper which contained communications to relatives in Paris were photographed with great care by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company on pieces of thin and almost transparent paper, about an inch and a half in length by an inch in width. On these impressions

there could be seen by the naked eye only two legible words, *The Times* and six narrow brown bands representing the six columns of printed matter forming a page of the newspaper. Under the microscope, however, the brown spaces become legible, and every line of the newspaper was found to have been distinctly copied and with the greatest clearness. The photographs were sent to Bordeaux for transmission thence by carrier pigeon to Paris. When received there they were magnified, by the aid of the magic lantern, to a large size, and thrown upon a screen. A staff of clerks immediately transcribed the messages, and sent them off to the places indicated by the advertisers.

There is something infinitely pathetic in these curtailed intelligences, thus exposed to the public gaze, and in many cases left so largely to chance, as regards their destination. The wife tells the husband that the children are well, that Henri and Helène are recovering, that letters have been received or not received; *alas!* sometimes it is, "*Louis is dead!*" or your wife is dead, and the infant also. Sometimes a mother is informed that her child is *much grown* and "getting quite fat," or a father has news that his little ones bear the climate well, and are as happy as they can be away from him. We give one letter verbatim: it is the model of a thousand others:—"Paris, Sciama.—61, Faubourg Poissonière—André, Marthe-Jeanne, Pauline; familles Ettlinger, Weill, Moys, et nous, excellente santé. Vos enfants supportent très-bien le climat. Votre dernière, vingt-deux décembre.—ARON." Which means, that they are all in excellent health, that the children bear the English climate, and that no news has been received since the 22nd of December. "Charlotte" writes:—"I am at Nice and quite well, Caroline is better, favourable symptoms lately. All my thoughts are with you. I am deeply anxious." "F. T." says:—"We are well and in the country, anxiously waiting for the end. We have tried every method to get a letter to you. We answer you by return. Continue to write. Au revoir." One poor lady complains that she has had no

response to her letters since October, and fears the worst for her husband and the father of her little children.

Like a star half lost in darkness,
  Like a vessel tossed at sea,
Lovely woman, pale and homeless,
  Wand'ring in her agony;
Like an eagle stunned and bruised,
  Circled by a wall of fire,
Lies the City, sad and broken,
  Hushed the music of its lyre.

O'er its forts and ramparts blazing,
  Far above the strife and woe,
Messengers of peace and mercy,
  Little Pigeons come and go;
O'er the trees, the fountains, gardens,
  Where the light its beauty flings,
Speed the birds with love's own tidings
  Throbbing 'neath their flutt'ring wings.

Lovely instinct! under tribute,
  Soaring far all clouds above;
Oh, that men would cease their warring,
  Learn from birds the art of love!
Messages with sunbeams written—
  Agony distilled in light—
Wond'rous lessons God would teach us
  Through the anguish of this fight!

O ye nations, by war sundered,
  Sheathed in pride and blood and steel,
As ye mark these birds of mercy
  Wake your common heart to feel!
See yon bird! it seeks its fledgelings,
  In love's work finds its true joy;
When, O men! will Love thus raise you,
  Teach to heal and not destroy?

O gay City! fair but fallen!
  Great amid thy smiles and tears,
Awful words through thee God speaketh
  To the heart which sees and hears.
We have gazed upon thy beauty,
  Felt the magic of thy spell;
Now the lessons of thy sorrow
  May we learn and ponder well.

Oh, may we, besieged by plenty,
  Often wrapped in falsehood's night,
Words of truth, too often slighted,
  Learn to read in heaven's own light!
May these Doves of Peace still greet us,
  In this city of our toil,
Till we read Love's golden legend
  On a fairer, brighter soil!

The Victors of Paris.

THE severe *régime* imposed by the state of siege may have no perceptible effect upon the strong and healthy, but infants, weak, sick, and old people, unable to endure such privations, are cut down before their time. The number of little coffins daily seen passing through our streets forcibly remind us that a whole generation of innocents is untimely perishing.

The resolution of the defenders of Paris remains unshaken. —*Daily News.*

God looked down and saw the children,
  Fainting, fading, helpless, sad—
Called an angel to enlist them,
  And the mandate made him glad.
Swiftly sped he—raised his banner,
  And the children trooped around;
Silent tread of little footsteps
  Whispered "Safe! without a wound!"

Stronger than the Mount Valerien,
  Stronger than the Prussian steel,
Pale-faced army, meek and silent,
  Foes and friends alike shall feel.
Infants! these are now the victors!
  Stronger than the fiercest strife,
Borne on death's own bosom gently,
  Through the conflict into life!

Victors over swords and bayonets,
  Victors over armed men—
Crowds all calling loud for slaughter,
  While their fellows cry Amen!—
Victors over pain and famine,
  On *their* banner rests no stain,
Though no sound of martial music
  Lauds their triumph in its strain.

Onwards, upwards, pale-faced army,
  Gentle and beseeching eyes,
Followed still by meek-eyed Patience,
  Vict'ry waits ye in the skies!
Loving mothers, sisters, brothers,
  Broken-hearted, saw ye fall;
Oh, how strong are little faces,
  How they move and conquer all!

Little faces, uncomplaining,
  Little hands which grasp no sword,
Speed ye upwards, silent pleadings,
  Carry them to heaven's own Lord;
Lo, He smiles, He waits to bless you,
  Haste ye, then, His crown to gem;
Let your song for ever witness
  Death less cruel here than men.

Peace, her Welcome and Price; A Scene after the Late War.

WHEN the time came for mentioning the services rendered by the army, the fact that many who had worked the most valiantly had died on the battle-field or in the hospital was emphatically noticed. This led to a general manifestation of emotion. Tears stood in the eyes of many a listener who had been robbed by the war of a relative or friend. Several women of the poorer class were very strongly affected. Indeed, the episode was a significant commentary on the rejoicings of the hour. It aided the black dresses in which the mourners were clothed to impress the extent of the loss which the victories have cost.

O meek-eyed Peace! sweet daughter of the skies,
We hail thy advent, though with weeping eyes.
Oh, sad the day which drove thee from our shore!
Again we meet; oh, may we part no more!

Thy face beams on us like some pensive star,
Long hid by clouds, mild beaming from afar;
Oh, with what joy we hail thy beauteous face,
With thankful hearts again thy features trace!

How long the night which hid thee from our view!
And thy meek children, sad, but brave and true,
Often in anguish stretched their hands in vain,
Fearing thy light would never break again.

And some, most brave, who watched all through the night
For the first glimm'ring of thy welcome light
Lie cold! their strife hath ceased, life's battle's o'er;
But thy sweet smile shall greet their eyes no more.

O Peace! seek out their silent graves, and weep
The orphan'd homes where hearts sad mem'ries keep,
Where children often ask, but none dare tell,
Where lies the face they knew and loved so well.

O Peace! thy presence brings us joy and pain;
Now speed thee forth! the nations heal again!
Still hide our tears beneath thy shelt'ring wing,
Thou canst not heal the anguish whence they spring!

The Entry of the Troops into Berlin.

A WALK through Berlin yesterday evening was a thing not to be forgotten in a lifetime. Locomotion at any other pace than a slow saunter was impossible. But then the sauntering pace repaid one, for there was, indeed, much to note. Of soldiers the name was legion. The Guards kept themselves rather to themselves; there are conventional distinctions everywhere. From the rear comes still the confused din of the words of command as the third line takes up its formation; the din of voices mingled with the sounds of the "Wacht am Rhein," played by some far-off band. But presently the third line is complete, and there is a short pause, during which officers circulate and talk. It becomes apparent that the ground is pervaded by civilian gentlemen in dress coats, white ties, patent leather shoes, and spurs; the correct costume as it appears for civilians who participate in a military parade. Then, as eleven o'clock draws nigh, there is a dressing up of the lines to the alignment posts serving as inanimate markers, which effected, the posts are ignominiously pitched to the rear, as the way of the world is with a friend when you have no further use for him. There is a temporary spasm of shouting "Back" and "Forward" as the adjutants straighten the ranks into mathematical precision. The glittering chaos on the extreme right resolves itself into its constituent elements, which are as follows:—Nearest the Feld-

Gendarmes are the officers of the Krieg's Ministerium and the general staff belonging to the Chief Headquarters, the aides of generals commanding armies and army corps, the staff doctor, surgeons, and the Johanniter and the Malteser representatives. In this group is, too, the Duke of Manchester, in a Rifle Volunteer uniform. On the right of this, stand the generals and staff officers who have not been in the war. I should have mentioned that the front of the parade faced the Tempelhof road, so as to allow an eligible take-off from the right flank when the time should come. The time is now very near. From the dense crowd at the top of Belle Alliance Strasse comes a great cheer which frightens a doctor's horse, so that Æsculapius is thrown, and seems to want some of his own physic. The cheer heralds the advent of the Emperor. First come the inevitable two equerries (there is no escort), then the old Kaiser himself, sitting straight and square on a dark dapple brown horse of great bone and substance. He wears a general's uniform with a broad yellow sash, and looks as unlike having passed the Psalmist's maximum as it is possible to conceive. The Royal salute clashes out from the bands, the troops burst into cheering, and before the conqueror droop to the ground the eagles and flags of the conquered. Behind him as he rides come his son and Prince Frederick Charles, and then deploys a brilliant staff, behind which are a long line of carriages. The first contains the Empress and the Crown Princess. She is a good woman, no doubt, that pallid-faced wife of the Bluff Wilhelm, but she is stiff and formal after the old German manner. She is bowing with all her might, yet her bows want frankness, and in her every gesture there is an air of condescension. Far different the hearty geniality of her whom we are proud to recognise as a British Princess. Her swelling heart is in her eyes; you may see that she sympathises to her every fibre with the scene before her. She waves her handkerchief as the flag bearers cheer the carriages; she leans out of it to have a better look at the gallant 1st Guards. So the cortége passes at a quick walk.—*Daily News.*

The City.

Ten thousand lamps lit up the sky,
  Sweet music filled the air;
'Twas glory here, and glory there,
  And glory everywhere.
The streets with light were all aglow,
  Each window like a flame;
The glare made Starlight close her eyes,
  And Fancy blush for shame.

The city's joy of victory born,
  Hath seized both youth and age;
Excited crowds lift up their voice
  Like surging ocean's rage;
Kings, princes, soldiers brave were there—
  Men of great deeds and name;
Each brought a wreath for glory's brow,
  And published loud her fame.

The Suburb.

A silence felt was in the room,
  The sullen lamp was dim;
To mother's knee the children clung,
  And asked in vain for "*him;*"
From the city sounds had reached their ear,
  "The troops were coming home;"
At last impatient all exclaimed,
  "Oh, when will Father come!"

A wan, pale face bent o'er each child,
  A tear was on the cheek;
The mother dropped upon her knees,
  Her lips refused to speak;
But a Presence came which never fails—
  A sad but sweet relief;
And the mother smiled amid her tears,
  And hushed the children's grief.

Night gently closed each wakeful eye,
  But *one* remained to weep,
Till sad and worn on Love's own breast,
  She sank at last to sleep;

The Sun awoke; the room was still;
  The Father was not there;
But the mother and her little ones
  Were bending low in prayer.

All heaven was hushed to hear that voice—
  Its music soft and low;
And ONE *was* there who, though He wounds,
  Doth never come and go;
And as Faith gazed upon the scene
  Which met her sorrowing view,
She whispered 'mid her flowing tears,
  "*And this is glory too.*"

Left Behind.

OTHER monuments are there, too, in abundance. Kaiser, you can look nowhere but you look on graves of brave men who have died for you and the Fatherland! I know how not a few of my gallant friends fell. I took off my hat as I saw them consigned to the trenches which served as graves. From where we stand I can see many of the mounds over these trenches. I am standing on the spot where I shook hands with the two Saxons, boy-lieutenants of the 106th, as the regiment went out to close quarters, and when it came back it had left the lads needing nothing but the grave a little way to the front yonder. Monuments for Saxon braves! Surely the laurels are already growing thick over the dead brows, for they must be well watered. Ay, watered by the tears of women in the quiet villages of the Saxon Switzerland. Watered by the tears of the lone mother, who wants to know about her boy who "has blue eyes, flaxen hair, and a green-stone ring on one of the fingers of the right hand." Watered by the tears of the woman of Kamenz, one of whose sons lies two hundred yards nearer Brie than where we stand; the other has by this time begun to limp on one leg about the lazaretto. The Emperor sends his horse gaily over big ridges and furrows, and through vineyards and battery emplacements, only turning aside when graves come in the way.—*Daily News.*

With streaming pennons, martial sounds,
  And shouts which rent the air,
The gallant troops marched gaily past,
  Like a lion from its lair;
The evening came, all hastened on,
  None lingered sad behind;
Night only nestled on the graves,
  Lone, silent in the wind.

The moon arose and flung her beams
  Where night's dark eyelids weep,
So gently, that she seemed to say,
  "Disturb not those who sleep!"
With pensive clouds Night veiled her face,
  Through which the moon looked pale,
And as she kissed the sleeping graves
  Said, "Glory! O how frail!"

The stars unclosed their quiet eyes,
  With sympathetic ray,
Which sorrowing lingered o'er each mound,
  Until the break of day;
The wind oft came with fitful gusts,
  And sighed with gentle moan,
"Alas! alas! these silent graves,
  Forsaken, cold, alone!"

Each flower erst planted on the graves,
  With tears low bent its head;
Sad symbols of those broken hearts
  Which mourn the absent dead;
O silent graves where pain found rest,
  And love and valour sleep,
The seed-plots of a nation's peace
  O'er which she long must weep!

Light broke; a Chief rode o'er the field,
  A brave among his braves;
His gallant charger turned aside,
  To spare his soldiers' graves;

With kingly mien he proudly bore
His weight of bleeding fame;
But O how long shall life be spilt
To build a lofty name!

Again Night came and spread her wing
Over the sleeping braves,
And spirits from the Fatherland
Moved gently o'er the graves;
All silently, with pensive step
They moved among the slain,
Each weeping sought an object loved,
But wept and sought in vain.

O graves, oft wet with night's pale dew,
And many an orphan's tear,
Faith gladly turns to Life's Great Chief,
And breathes for you her prayer;
May many when *this* King shall come
To give His warriors rest,
Victorious rise;—in triumph reach
The city of the blest!

How to help each other; or, "Moses, Aaron, and Hur,"

A Picture By J. E. Millais, R.A.

A Picture for all Men and all Time. Exodus xvii. 11, 12.

We all must work, if all are won,
And while we work we live;
The poor must learn to give their love,
The rich to *work* and give.

It was a trying hour for George S., when for the first time he had to leave home and his widowed mother to make his first start in the world. Though full of courage and hope for the future, he loved his mother too tenderly, and

the many endearments of home too appreciatively, to have them all violently disruptured without pain. Many kind, wise things, did that Christian mother say to comfort him, hiding her own grief; and as she kissed away the tear from the cheek of her loved boy, which would show itself, she said, "And I can help you, you know," and whatever help the brave boy received in the future, that promised by his mother was not the least, for she meant, and her boy knew what she meant, that she would pray for him.

Do Christians believe as they should, and as it is their privilege and comfort to believe, how much they can and often do for others by prayer? We have frequently met with active Christians, who when put aside from public labour and confined to the sick room, have mourned the loss of their usefulness; but as Moses and his brethren had to stand aloof from the battle, that by their prayers it might be won, so God often puts aside his most active servants, that by their prevalent and secret intercesssions they may help the Christian soldiers struggling in the field. And who indeed can write for us the unknown achievements of prayer? They would require a page wide as the heavens, and a day long as eternity to read. Prayer knows neither time nor place. It can climb the highest mountains, and ride upon the very storm which threatens death, to carry succour to those whom we love. Many a drooping spirit has been unconsciously revived, many a weary heart cheered, many a tempted spirit succoured, by prayer.

Hope has been brought to the despairing, joy to the sad, light to the dark, and victory to the weak by the struggling heart-broken speech and weeping eyes of some lone spirit, which. in its felt helplessness and desolation, could find no alleviation for its overwhelming anxiety and sorrow, but on the knee of secret prayer. May we increasingly realise the privilege and responsibility of prayer in relation both to ourselves and others. This work, of all work most important, is within the reach of all.

Seldom hath picture made more plain
  How earnest hearts prevail;
How men, though faint, the victory gain,
  While stronger hearts oft fail.
This is no idealistic dream
  The artist here would paint,
Of men who are not what they seem,
  But men who *fight* and *faint*.

These are not men of easy times
  This picture brings to view;
Upon each brow in furrowed lines
  We read—"each brave and true."
O noble faces, weary, sad!
  O heroes faint and worn!
Your conflict made the ages glad,
  By sin and falsehood torn.

Ye fought by prayer, and not with sword,
  For God, and not for fame,
To show this world had still a Lord,
  And holy was His name;
To pull this world's usurper down,
  Build Truth's imperial throne,
To give to God His rightful crown,
  Proclaim—"He is but One!"

O kingly men of this world's night,
  By toil and prayer made one,
We through your darkness reach the light,
Learn how true work is done;
  The bravest sink when left alone,
The weak can help the strong,
For the strong oft sink when sad and lone,
  And the battle's fierce and long.

Look at this picture then and learn,
  And take the lesson home;
Men in life's battle wild and stern
  Through us may overcome;

And many yet may reach the land
  Too often wrecked by care,
If we but lend a loving hand
  And hold them up by prayer.

A Great Preacher.

"A bad conscience imbitters the sweetest comforts; but a good conscience sweetens the bitterest crosses."—*Secker.*

"A grateful mind is a great mind."—*Ibid.*

"There are those who know that what the eye sees and the hands handle is but the case, is but the packing, and that the reality of things is invisible and lies within, and that the *kingdom of God comes not with observation.* The eye cannot see, nor the ear hear, nor the hand handle it. It is the growth of purity. It is the growth of sweetness. It is the growth of faith. It is the growth of intuition. It is the prophecy of love in men's souls."—

SILENT NANCY is still alive. She has not been free from pain, night nor day, for these last ten years. Her income is very limited, and she is dependent on charity for what she has; but she is so habitually cheerful, that it is quite a privilege to visit her. So far from seeming to need comfort she has a good word for all who visit her; there is a nameless quiet in her little clean room, and looking into her pale happy face the other day, itself a sermon on meekness, we seemed to realise what John Bunyan meant by the chamber of peace into which he conducted his pilgrim—the very air seemed brightened by the sunshine of joy.

Silent Nancy was no talker,
  Her's a lowly station;
Patience was her text and sermon,
  Peace her peroratiom;
She did not live to act a part,
Her life at once went to the heart.

Men on words oft cut their capers,
  Like a dashing lancer;
But a life both pure and honest
  Find it hard to answer;
Such was silent Nancy's teaching,
Better far than books or preaching.

Human help in pain and sorrow,
  Failed for years to reach her,
Thus God's hand her teaching fashioned,
  Made a noble preacher;
Her gentle faith, submissive, calm,
Oft reached the heart like healing balm.

The Triple Testimony; or, the Wail of a Great Heart.

"Hear the just law, the judgment of the skies!
He that hates truth, shall be the dupe of lies;
And he that WILL be cheated till the last,
Delusions strong as hell shall bind him fast."

Cowper.

Grant them the rights of men, and while they cease
To vex the peace of others, grant them peace;
But trusting bigots, whose false zeal has made
TREACHERY THEIR DUTY, thou art self betrayed."

Ibid.

MAKE peace if you will with Popery. Receive it into your senate, shrine it in your churches, plant it in your families; but be ye certain, certain as that there is

a heaven above you, and a God over you, that the Popery thus honoured and thus embraced is the very Popery that was degraded and loathed by the holiest of your fathers. The very Popery—the same in haughtiness—the same in intolerance—which lorded it over kings, assumed the prerogative of Deity, crushed human liberty, and slew the saints of God. Oh, that England may be convinced of this before taught it by fatal experience. It may not yet be too late. She has tampered with Popery, in many respects she has patronised Popery giving it, by her compromises and concessions, a vantage ground which its best friends could hardly have dared to expect. Nevertheless, it may not be too late. Let Protestants only awaken to a sense of the worth of their privileges, and this land may yet remain what for three centuries it hath been, the great witness for scriptural truth, and the great centre of scriptural light. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit ye like men, be strong." By the memory of the martyrs, by the ashes of the confessors, by the dust of a thousand saints, we conjure you, be stanch in the defence of your holy religion. Yes, departed and illustrious worthies, ye died not in vain. Mighty group! there was lit up, at your massacre, a fire in these realms which is yet unextinguished. From father to son has the sacred flame been transmitted. And though, in the days of our security, that flame may have burnt with diminished lustre; yet, let the watchman sound an alarm, and many a mountain top shall be red with the beacon's blaze, and the noble vault of your resting-place grow illumined with the flash. Repose in your deep tranquillity, spirits of the martyred dead! We know something of the worth of a pure gospel and a free Bible. And we will bind ourselves, by the name of Him who "liveth and abideth for ever," to strive to preserve unimpaired the privileges bequeathed to us at such cost. The spirit of Protestantism may have long lain dormant, but it is not extinct. It shall be found in the hour of her Church's peril, that there are yet bold and true-hearted men in England, who count religion dearer than substance,

O Thou who bad'st the day leap from the night,
  And spread Thy shelt'ring wing o'er nature's birth,
Oh, speak the word, and Truth again, like light,
  Shall gild and quicken this sad, stricken earth.

Waiting.

MRS. B. was a warm-hearted, simple, country woman. When about twenty-eight years of age she was taken very ill, and was visited by a young Christian lady who taught her to read, and was in many ways very useful to her. Having many years afterwards, to come to a London hospital to go through a painful operation, the thought that she might see this friend again was a very great comfort to her, and having heard that she was somewhere in London, when convalescent, she sat day by day at the window of the hospital where she was staying, hoping to catch a sight of the form of the friend she so dearly loved.

Waiting, waiting, at the window,
  Through the weary, long, long, day;
Patient, hoping for the passing
  Of a loved one, far away.

Watching, watching, as the weary,
  For the light of darkness born;
Oh how fair is Love's own patience
  In the heart when most forlorn.

Musing, musing, at the window,
  Pensively her watch she keeps;
O'er her youthful days remembered,
  Sometimes laughs, and sometimes weeps.

Looking, looking, through the window,
  Eager, anxious yet to see
That sweet face so calm and thoughtful,
  Those dear lips from guile so free.

Praying, praying, at the window,
  Till the shades of evening fall,
Then with tearful eye uplifted,
  With the Father leaving all.

Simple heart all fondly waiting,
  Ill thy love this world can spare,
Better hopes than these await thee,
  Better joys thy heart shall share.

Double Joy; or, the Wanderer's Return.

MRS. C. was a loving, useful Christian woman. Through the long absence of her only son—a sailor, of whom she could gain no tidings—and severe bodily affliction, her mind gave way, and for many years she was never seen to smile. Unexpectedly her son returned home, just in time to catch her dying look and smile of recognition.

The light of joy had left her eyes,
  By many loved so well;
The smile which erst made grief rejoice,
  Had bid a long farewell.

That light which through the azure blue
  Had cheered the lone and sad,
Had fled with that fond mother's smile,
  Which oft made others glad.

Despair eclipsed the sun of hope,
  And hid life's joys from view;
The Master's face was veiled in clouds,
  While yet his heart was true.

But at the evening it was light,
  Faith smiled amid her tears,
And lifted from the stricken heart,
  The long, sad grief of years.

She saw the son long lost and smiled!
A double joy had come;
Her eyes looked on the face she loved,
Her faith beheld her home.

Found Dead.

THERE is in the warm, fond heart of woman, a strange and sublime unselfishness, which men too commonly discover, only to profit by,—a positive love of self-sacrifice, an active, so to speak, an aggressive desire to show their affection, by giving up to those who have won it, something they hold very dear. It is an unreasoning and dangerous yearning of the spirit, precisely analogous to that which prompts the surrenders and self-tortures of the religious devotee. Both seek to prove their devotion to the idol they have enshrined, by casting down before his altar their richest and most cherished treasures. This is no romantic, over-coloured picture; those who deem it so, have not known the better portion of the sex, or do not deserve to have known them.

It would soften the hearts of many, and hold the hands of those who would break down the bridge behind the sinner, could they know the awful misery that frequently attends the life of a fallen woman.—"*Seven Curses of London,*" *by Jas. Greenwood*:

Somebody knew this young sad face,
Which e'en in death is fair;
Somebody knew these silent lips,
These locks of golden hair;
Somebody knew this wanderer's feet,
These hands so soiled—forlorn,
Once rested on a mother's breast,
Though now so bruised and torn.

Somebody loved this pale dark brow
  So lofty and so fair;
And watched at eve these swollen lips
  As they breathed an infant's prayer;
Somebody loved these pallid cheeks
  These speechless, tearful eyes;
Words once passed through these closed lips
  Like music of the skies.

Men say "'twas sin which brought her here;"
  Too true, by men betrayed!
And somebody, too, must shed their tear,
  For actions all are weighed;
Come place her then with brother's hands
  Beneath the cold damp sod;
Death hath more love than many here;
  Her judgement's with her God!

Upwards; or, the Way to Escape.

THE highest life we can always reach—FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD! A way of escape from our foes is ever open to us—PRAYER.

Do hills shut out the light of day,?
Or bar the progress of Thy way
Perhaps by this Love means to say—
  Upwards!

There is a path no eye can see,
For ever open, wide, and free,
It may be now it waits for thee —
  Upwards!

All things oppose thee, great and small,
Temptation holds thee in her thrall,
Still there's a way to conquer all—
  Upwards!

Perhaps thy heart is torn by fear,
Thou can'st not speak to those most dear;
Must live alone; Love's whisper hear!
Upwards!

Thy reason's poor, and nothing hath,
Love's lips are closed, no word she saith;
There still remains a path to faith—
Upwards!

If human hope now veils her eyes,
Nor sees the goal towards which she flies,
Still *one* remains, e'en though she dies—
Upwards;

Spreads, too, eternity's vast sea,
In silent, trackless mystery:
But here a path thy faith may see—
Upwards!

Our motto, then, through weal or woe,
As through life's pilgrimage we go,
'Till we at last shall all things know—
Upwards!

The Children Match-Box Makers.

THE greatest marvel of all is the ages at which infants begin to work at it. Tiny things of two years and a half and upwards are common; and one mother assured us that a child she had buried began its work of folding before it was two years old.—*Daily News.*

Folding and pasting and sorting,
Sorting and folding all day,
So work little fingers, oft bleeding,
While life slowly dribbles away.
Folding and pasting and sorting,
O pale-faced, infantile brave,
See how it bends o'er its paper and boxes,
As it melts from the cot to the grave!

To fold, to bend, and to paste,
  Oft wearied in heart and in hand,
Is the doom of the poor little babes—
  A helpless and indigent band.
A toy, a green field, or a game,
  Where the sunshine and flowers appear,
Are things to these baby-slaves strange,
  Like their matches, sealed up all the year.

We put up our tombs to the great,
  Where the wealth of the nation is seen,
But a stone our muse, weeping, would rear,
  To the infants of poor Bethnal-green;
A box with some matches across,
  A device with a coffin and shroud,
May rebuke, if they do not subdue,
  The hearts of the rich and the proud.

Arabs of the City.

LET us return, however, to the hordes of small Arabs found wandering about the streets of the city. To the mind of the initiated instantly returns the question, "Whence do they all come?" They are not imported like those other pests of society, German band boys, or organ grinders; they must have been babes once upon a time—where did they grow up? In very dreary and retired regions, my dear sir, though, for that matter, if it should happen that you are perambulating fashionable Regent-street, or aristocratic Belgravia, when you put to yourself the perplexing question, you may be nigher to a visible solution of the mystery than you would care to know. Where does the shoeless, ragged, dauntless, and often desperate boy of the gutter breed? Why, not unfrequently as close almost to the mansions of the rich and highly respectable as the sparrows in their chimney stacks. Nothing is more common than to discover a hideous stew of

courts and alleys reeking in poverty and wretchedness almost in the shadow of the palatial abodes of the great and wealthy. By-the-bye, it may here be mentioned as a contribution towards solving the riddle—"How do these hundred thousand street prowlers contrive to exist?" They draw a considerable amount of their sustenance from the markets. And really it would seem that by some miraculous dispensation of providence, garbage was for their sakes robbed of its poisonous properties, and endowed with virtues such as wholesome food possesses. Did the reader ever see the young market hunters at such a "feed," say in the month of August or September. It is a spectacle to be witnessed only by early risers who can get as far as Covent Garden by the time that the wholesale dealing in the open falls slack—which will be about eight o'clock; and it is not to be believed unless it is seen. They will gather about muck heaps and gobble up plumbs, a sweltering mass of decay, and oranges and apples that have quite lost their original shape and colour, with the avidity of ducks or pigs. I have seen one of these gaunt wolfish little children with his tattered cap full of plums of a sort, one of which I would not have permitted a child of mine to eat for all the money in the Mint, and this at a season when the sanitary authorities, in their desperate alarm at the spread of cholera, had turned bill stickers, and were begging and imploring the people to abstain from this, and that, and the other, and especially to beware of fruit unless perfectly sound and ripe.

'Tis not of the martyrs of old that we sing,
  But of those who live much nearer home,
The waifs of the street we so frequently meet,
  As in dirt and in sorrow they roam.

These poor little vagrants, neglected, half-starved,
  Left to weep and to wander alone,
Oft by vice overtaken, so bruised and forsaken,
  That their hearts become hard as a stone.

Dark, cold, indurated, wild weeds of neglect,
  They live or they sicken and die;
Who their sorrows will share as they sob in despair;
  And for mercy and pity oft cry?

Surely we in this city our Ramah must own,
  If we have not our Rachels to weep;
From lust's moloch, or worse, or drink's dreadful curse,
  Is there none these poor children to keep?

O weep, ye dark heavens, and mutter your wrath,
  Ye stars veil your eyes with your tears,
As ye see in succession the pale-faced procession,—
  These martyrs of long-weeping years.

O open, ye heavens, let the children come in,
  Till our hearts from their bigotry free,
Shall declare that no child shall be left to run wild,
  And by falsehood and vice strangled be.

Diamonds near Home.

THE discovery of diamonds at the Cape has led to a large influx of people.—*Daily Paper.*

Why should we distant lands explore,
  Seeking for gems and gold,
When in each street before each door,
  Lies hidden *wealth* untold.

Children with souls of priceless worth,
  Gems of the purest ray;
Why should we burrow in the earth,
  Seek *wealth* so far away?

O Jesus make our hearts sincere,
  Grant wisdom from above,
That we may seek Thy Jewels here,
  And brighten them with love!

True Beauty.

THERE is a beauty all may have,
'Tis deeper than the skin,
A cheerful tender loving heart,
Both rich and poor may win.

This, like the sunshine and the rain,
And fragrance of the flowers,
Where'er it glows a blessing flows,
And joy's own fruitful showers.

Mid summer's heat and winter's snow,
'Tis like the ivy green;
Where'er a cheerful heart abides,
A bright sweet face is seen.

O beauty of the lowly heart!
O joy of all the meek!
The brightness of faith's laughing eye,
Life's bloom upon her cheek.

O gift of love the poor man's wealth,
The rich man's truest friend;
O clothe our path with all thy grace,
And crown our journey's end.

Little Children.

LITTLE gleams of sunlight dancing
O'er life's dark and stormy sea;
Little stars all pensive, smiling,
When no other light we see.

Little hands which often bring us
Help when stronger arms oft fail;
Little cups of love's pure nectar,
Which grows never flat or stale.

Little bits of mirth and gladness,
  Broken snatches, scraps of song,
By their very wildness soothing,
  When life's storms their notes prolong.

Little streams of heaven's pure mercy
  Flowing through our smiles and tears,
Often streaked with heaven's own brightness,
  Quickening hopes and checking fears.

Dancing rays of light and beauty
  Glancing through our refts of sorrow,
Still revealing, though oft hidden,
  Sunshine of a glad to-morrow.

Gates Ajar.

VERILY I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.—CHRIST.

Little eyes just wide awake,
  Gates ajar without a doubt;
What a world of light looks in,
  What a world of love looks out!

Gates ajar; through silken lashes
  Life's young sunbeams dance and play;
Gleams and flashes from a fountain,
  Bright and clear though far away.

Gates ajar; bright little windows,
  Where joy shows her laughing face,
Free from care and without wrinkle,
  Faultless in her artless grace.

Gates ajar; sly furtive glances,
  Coquetting with love's own speech,
Tinting all with hues of gladness,
  Which their mirthful light can reach.

Gates ajar; ah, through these eyelids
Shines a world of mystery,
Flashing light upon our darkness,
If the truth our eyes could see.

Through these gates sweet music passes,
Few can hear and fewer bear,
Solemn teachings, Christ's own lessons,
Light beyond the smile and tear!

A Living Creed.

"*Of such are the kingdom of heaven.*"—JESUS.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear,
What the birds and the winds are singing,
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That were ever sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

H. W. Longfellow.

"CHILDREN are the poetry of life," says Binny; but looked at in the light of Christ's words, we may say they are the realities of life, and that in the highest sense.

Behold my creed! it laughs and sings,
And dances all the day,
A child whose voice like music rings,
Alike at school or play.

Pride does not blight its beauty fair,
Nor care impair its joy;
'Tis happy here and every where,
Each day without alloy.

Its beauty wears a blushing veil,
  Of sweet humility;
Its present peace no fears assail,
  From guile and envy free.

Its sunshine is a trustful faith,
  And guileless history;
All built on what its Father saith,
  At rest in mystery.

"*Of such* THY kingdom," here, above;
  Then let my heart be free;
And as my child lives in my love,
  So may I live in Thee!

Little Voices.

LITTLE voices in the morning
  Chirping like the birds in spring;
O what joy when love awakens,
  Little voices ever bring.

Through the silent hours of darkness
  Little birds have slept in peace;
Now the light has woke their music,
  May their singing never cease!

What a world the sun awakens,
  What a jubilant, happy, throng;
But of all the notes he quickens,
  Sweetest is the children's song.

Sweet the zephyrs of the morning—
  Sweet the murmurs of the sea,
Sweet the buzz and hum of insects,
  And the song of little bee.

Sweet the psalms of flowing rivers,
  And the sonnets of each tree;
Pleasant to the ear which listens—
  Nature's constant minstrelsy.

Still more sweet than softest zephyrs
  To a parent's heart more dear,
Are the voices of his children,
  As at morn they greet his ear.

Still more sweet than nature's music,
  At the break of early dawn;
Bursts the song of God's own children,
  At the resurrection morn.

Make the Children Happy.

MAKE the little children happy,
  Play is their employ,
With true joy their cup brim over,
  Pure without alloy.

Little stars so softly shining,
  Do not quench their light,
Now by fitful clouds of anger,
  Hide them from our sight.

Springing blades so frail and tender,
  Do not bruise their leaves,
Or your heart will mourn the future,
  Lost for aye your sheaves.

"Plants need training!" truth concedes it;
  Cannot disapprove;
But let them have the light of gladness,
  The atmosphere of love.

Little children have their burdens,
  Hard for them to bear;
Make them feel thy constant kindness,
  You their sorrows share.

Do not think an act of kindness,
  To a child is small;
For it claims the Father's notice,
  Who hath made us all.

As the springing blade all tender,
  Easily is broken,
So the heart of little children,
  By a rough word spoken,

As a scion pierced and bruised,
  Wastes its life in tears;
So a young heart often wounded,
  Droops all through the years.

As the sun-light to the flowers,
  When they droop their head,
So is life's own joy to children;
  May its blessings spread!

Little Feet.

WHO'LL sing the praise of "little feet,"
  Lost in the sands of time?
Oh, never lost! for Jesu's love
  Can make such steps sublime.
And little children taught of God
  Most wisely often teach;
By little deeds and little words
  Most eloquent they preach.

And little eyes, and little lips,
  And little hands and feet,
When beautified by heaven's own love,
  Yield service rare and sweet.
The smallest flower which droops its head
  Oft richly scents the air;
An insect's wing, possessed of life,
  Shows colours bright and fair.

The smallest dewdrop in the grass
  Can show the face of day;
A bit of glass upon the beach
  Vast glories far away.

And little minds, though weak and frail,
  With truth and wisdom clad,
Can so reflect the love of God
  That heaven itself is glad.

A Song for the Little Ones.

PAPA, mamma, I dearly love,
  My garden, and my pretty dove,
All things below and things above;
  But still more dear than all I see,
  Jesus should ever be to me,

I love my sisters, brothers too,
With all my toys so bright and new,
And all my friends so kind and true;
  But still more dear than all I see,
  Jesus should ever be to me.

I love the little birds which sing,
The butterfly with coloured wing,
The merry bells which gaily ring;
  But still more dear than all I see,
  Jesus should ever be to me.

I love the spring with all its flowers,
The rainbow and its pleasant showers,
Bright cheerful days and summer bowers;
  But still more dear than all I see,
  Jesus should ever be to me.

All things below which meet my sight,
The sun by day, the stars by night,
Oft fill my heart with great delight;
  But still more dear than all I see,
  Jesus should ever be to me.

Only Me!"—A Parable.

WRIGGLING, twisting at the door,
Struggling, shuffling, on the floor;—
"Who's there?"

Still those noises at the door!
Struggling, shuffling on the floor;—
"Who's there?"

Long the silence! Strife repeated,
Many times, as oft defeated;—
"Who's there?"

"Only Me!"

"Only me!" the door flies open,
"Only me!" receives love's token;
Sparkling eyes and golden hair,
Gets pa's kiss upon the stair.

Ah, great self is fond of prating,
Cannot brook a frown or waiting;
Self with pride herself distresses,
"ONLY ME" wins the caresses!

How to get in.

THE room was silent, solemn, calm,
As though no life was there;
The very clock ticked out its life,
Like one engaged in prayer;
A gentle tap came at the door,
All tremulous with fear;
"Who's there?" exclaimed the father's voice
In accents sharp and clear.

No answer came; another tap,
Words incoherent--wild;
The father rose, the door flung wide,
There stood revealed *his child*!

She raised her face with weeping eyes,
"Father, let me come in!"
She stretched her arms and clasped his hands,
"Father, let me come in!"

The father stooped; his heart was touched,
He raised her to his breast,
Kissed all the tears from off her cheeks,
And hushed her fears to rest.
So in our grief may we still go,
And knock at faith's own door,
And Christ will stoop; reveal a love,
To us unknown before.

Songsters of the Deep.

THERE is an island in a distant sea, from whose shores the fishermen sail in tiny crafts to procure the treasures of the deep. During their absence thick mists often descend and cover highland, cliff, and beacon with so thick a veil, that these hardy mariners are left without a mark by which to steer their laden barks, But in these dull hours they are not left to wander, unguided, on the pathless sea, When the time for their return arrives, the women of the islet—mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters—descend to the shores and raise the voice of song. Borne on the quiet air, their voices soon fall sweetly on the ears of the loved ones on the sea. Guided by the well-known sounds, they steer their boats in safety to the shore.

And thus to thee, O Christian, comes the voice of love from the celestial shore, as thou wanderest, a bewildered child of tribulation, on the misty sea of life. Hearken! "Be of good cheer!" is the cry that greets thee. It comes from Jesus, who has overcome this world, which is the scene and source of your trials His conquest of your adversary is the pledge of your victory. Therefore, "Be of good cheer!"

O'er the waste of heaving waters,
  By winds and tempests borne,
Comes the voice of God's own songsters,
  The songs of sorrow born;
    To hearts that watch and weep
    Sweet this music of the deep—

Sweet the voices of the children
  Of Christian brothers—friends,
Through this dreary night of weeping,
  This song which never ends;
    These psalms how sweet they come,
    Reminding us of home!

'Mid the waves of death and darkness,
  The billows of despair,
These notes of hope and gladness
  Fall on the list'ning ear;
    Where seas of sorrow meet,
    These plaintive songs how sweet!

'Tis not the light of reason,
  Amid life's stormy sea,
On rocks of speculation
  Through which we safety see;
    God's singers in the dark
    Oft save the drifting bark.

These songsters of the nations,
  A small and pilgrim band,
Through songs of mercy's teaching
  Have many brought to land;
    On Love's own quiet breast,
    Hushed many hearts to rest.

On the rocks of guilt and sorrow
  Broken and sad I lay;
These songs dispelled the tempest
  And chased my fears away;
    Stern foes of guilt and fear,
    They ever greet the ear.

The world's loud music pealing
  Awakes the voice of fame;
To broken hearts far sweeter
  These songs without a name;
    Their pensive, constant flow
    Love's gentle children know.

When mists and clouds surround us
  Our port we cannot see,
Christ's songsters safely guide us
  Across life's stormy sea;
    When other voices cease
    They breathe the calm of peace.

And all may learn their music
  And sing without delay,
These songs of early sunrise,
  Songs of the break of day;
    These songs by Jesus given
    We all shall sing in heaven.

Abiding with God, a Lesson for the Church.

ABIDE with God, which, being put into other words, means, I think, mainly two things—constant communion, the occupation of all our nature with Him, and, consequently, the recognition of His will in all circumstances.

As to the former, we have the mind and heart and will of God revealed to us for the light, the love, the obedience of our will and heart and mind; and our Apostle's precept is, first, that we should try moment by moment, in all the bustle and stir of our daily life, to have our whole being consciously directed to and engaged with, fertilized, and calmed by contact with, the perfect and infinite nature of our Father in heaven.

As we go to our work to-morrow morning again, what

difference would obedience to this precept make upon my life and yours? Before all else, and in the midst of all else, we should think of that Divine Mind that in the heavens is waiting to illumine our darkness; we should feel the glow of that uncreated and perfect Love, which, in the midst of change and treachery, of coldness and of "greetings where no kindness is," in the midst of masterful authority and unloving command, is ready to fill our heart with tenderness and tranquility: we should bow before that Will which is absolute and supreme indeed, but is also "the good pleasure of His goodness and the counsel of His grace."

And with such a God near to us ever in our faithful thoughts, in our thankful love, in our lowly obedience; with such a mind revealing itself to us, and such a heart opening its hidden storehouses for us as we approach, like some star that, as one gets nearer to it, expands its disc and glows into rich colour which at a distance was but pallid silver, and such a will, sovereign above all, energising, even through opposition, and making obedience a delight; what room, brethren, would there be in our lives for agitations, and distractions, and regrets. and cares, and fears—what room for earthly hopes, or for sad remembrances? They die in a fruition of a present God all-sufficient for mind, and heart, and will—even as the sun when it is risen with a burning heat may scorch and wither the weeds that grow about the base of the fruitful tree, whose deeper roots are but warmed by the rays that ripen the rich clusters which it bears. "Let every man wherein he is called, therein abide *with God.*"

And then, as a consequence of such an occupation of the whole being with God, there will follow that second element which is included in the precept, namely, the recognition of God's will as operating in and determining all circumstances. When our whole soul is occupied with Him, we shall see Him everywhere. And this ought to be our honest effort—to connect everything which befalls ourselves and the world with Him. We should see what omnipotent will, the silent energy

which flows through all Being, asserting itself through all secondary causes, marching on towards its destined and certain goal amidst all the whirl and perturbation of events, bending even the antagonism of rebels and the unconciousness of godless men, as well as the play of material instruments, to its own purposes, and swinging and swaying the whole set and motion of things according to its own impulse, and by the touch of its own fingers.—*Sermon, Alexander Maclaren, B.A.*

Getting On and Getting Up, a Lesson for the Age.

"For he that is called in the Lord *being* a servant, is the Lord's free man: likewise also he that is called, *being* free, is Christ's servant."

IF you generalize that principle it comes to this, that in union with Jesus Christ we possess, by our fellowship with Him, the peculiar excellences and blessings that are derivable from external relations of every sort. To take concrete examples—if a man is a slave he may be free in Christ. If free, he may have the joy of utter submission to an absolute master in Christ. If you and I are lonely, we may feel all the delights of society by union with Him. If surrounded and distracted by companionship, and seeking for seclusion, we may get all the peace of perfect privacy in fellowship with Him. If we are rich, and sometimes think that we should be in a position of less temptation if we were poorer, we may find all the blessings for which we sometimes covet poverty in communion with Him. If we are poor, and fancy that if we had a little more just to lift us above the grinding care of to-day and the anxiety of to-morrow we should be happier, we may find all tranquility in Him. And so you may run through all the variety of human conditions and say to yourself—What is the

use of looking for blessings flowing from them from without? Enough for us if we grasp that Lord who is all in all, and will give us in peace the joy of conflict, in conflict the calm of peace, in health the refinement of sickness, in sickness the vigour and glow of health, in memory the brightness of undying hope, in hope the calming of holy memory, in wealth the lowliness of poverty, in poverty the ease of wealth; in life and in death being all and more than all that dazzles us by the false gleam of created brightness.

And so, finally—a remark which has no connection with the text itself, but which I cannot avoid inserting here,—I want you to think, and to think seriously, of the antagonism and diametrical opposition between these principles of my text and the maxims current in the world, and nowhere more so than in this city. Our text is a revolutionary one. It is dead against the watchwords that you fathers give your children —"push," "energy," "advancement," "get on, whatever you do." You have made a philosophy of it, and you say that this restless discontent with a man's present position, and eager desire to get a little further ahead in the scramble—that this underlies much modern civilization and progress, and leads to the diffusion of wealth, and to employment to the working classes, and to mechanical inventions, and domestic comforts, and I don't know what besides. You have made a religion of it, and it is thought to be blasphemy for a man to stand up and say, "It is idolatry!" My dear brethren! I declare, I solemnly believe, that if I were to go on the Manchester Exchange next Tuesday, and stand up and say, "There is no God," I would not be thought half such a fool as if I were to go and say, "Poverty is not an evil *per se*, and men do not come into this world to get *on* but to get *up*—nearer and liker to God." If you, by God's grace, lay hold of this principle of my text and honestly resolve to work it out, trusting in that dear Lord who; "though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor," in ninety-nine cases out a hundred, you will have to make up your minds to let the big prizes of your trade go into other

people's hands and be contented to say—"I live by peaceful, high, pure, Christ-like thoughts." "He that needs least," said an old heathen, "is nearest the gods;" but I would rather modify the statement into, "He that needs most and knows it, is nearest the gods." For surely Christ is more than mammon; and a spirit nourished by calm desires and holy thoughts into growing virtues and increasing Christ-likeness, is better than circumstances ordered to our will, in the whirl of which we have lost our God. "In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God, and the peace of God and God of peace shall keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus."—*Sermon.—Alexander Maclaren, B.A.*

Watching with Christ; or, Lobe's Appeal.

THOSE who are in the midst of the glare and growth of material things in this life, and identify themselves, notwithstanding, with the interior, with the spiritual, with the religious affairs of men, may fitly be said to be watching with Christ. There be men who, while they are faithful in the outward relation of life—builders, bargain-makers, transactors of the affairs of other men—have all the time a sense that the reality of Christ lies far within or beneath these things. And they are true to the inward kingdom of God, and to this reality of Christ, and of things within. All such men are watchers with Christ. They stand by Him in those respects in which He is most intimately manifested in the affairs of this life.

Wherever, then, in all the earth, there are those who need guidance; wherever there are those who need instruction; wherever there are those who are seeking the upward way, and looking about for some one to guide them—there the Saviour is with them. He, then, is watching with Christ, if these be truths, who watches with the Saviour in his earthly

ministrations. All who go down in their own personal experiences into deep places; all who become familiar with sorrow; all who sit in darkness; all who come, as He did, as it were, to the very foundations of their hope and of their being, and are obliged then and there to do as Christ did—look up to the loving Father for help—all such, if they be faithful, if their trust does not yield, if they grasp firmly that anchor which is sure and steadfast, and hold on through the night and through the storm, are watchers with Christ. A man can watch with Christ in his own experiences, as well as in the experiences of others. There is many and many a man who is tempted more than he is able to bear, or in a mighty wrestle of temptation, is well-nigh overcome. Nevertheless, whoever, under such circumstances, maintains his hold and still cries out for relief; whoever, under the various alternations and experiences of this mutable life, finds himself cast headlong to the ground; whoever finds his cup filled to the brim with bitterness which he cannot put away from his lips, and which his lips do not dare to drink; whoever finds that tears are his meat and drink, day and night, and yet gives up no particle of hope, but stands in his darkness and in his sufferings, saying, "Jesus! *Jesus!* JESUS!" still laying back his head upon the bosom of Christ's love, and saying, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him"—whoever does these things is watching with Christ. For Christ is working in him. And this is the hour of Gethsemane to him. He is truly watching with the Master. *Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

"What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" Mat. 26. 40.

Comes a voice subdued and gentle,
  O'er life's wild and stormy sea,
Is it true Lord? dost thou call me,
  Call me Lord to watch with thee?
Watch with Thee, O Lord and Saviour!
  Bows my heart to Thy decree;
Still my faith in wonder asketh,
  How can I, Lord, watch with Thee?

Watch with Thee amid life's breakers!
  Mid the fury of yon' sea!
Lord, I sink beneath the billows,
  Left a moment without Thee!
Pardon, Lord, my faith is feeble,
  Dost Thou, holy Lord, call me?
Gentle Lord, pray grant an answer,
  What is it to watch with Thee?

When my path is hid in darkness,
  When my eyes no hope can see,
Yet my faith Thy hand retaineth—
  Is this watching, Lord, with Thee?
When I see Thee bleeding, dying,
  Pierced and nailed on yonder tree,
Weeps my heart, Thy wounds exploring,—
  Is this watching, Lord, with Thee?

When my faith in Thee abiding,
  Bows the heart and bends the knee,
Weeps o'er men Thy love despising,—
  Is this watching, Lord, with Thee?
When my love, despised, rejected,
  Toils to set Thy captives free,
Seeks the outcast and neglected,—
  Is this watching, Lord, with Thee?

When some lone heart, bruised, despairing,
  Faints in its Gethsemane,
Stoops my love to sooth and comfort,
  Is this watching, Lord, with Thee?
When I joy with those rejoicing,
  Weep with those whom others flee,
Feed the hungry, cloth the naked,
  Am I watching Lord with Thee?

When the world thy mercy scorning,
  Moans in silent agony,
—Prays my faith and waits for morning,
  Is this watching, Lord with Thee?

If, O, Lord this is Thy meaning,
  Poor and weak, howe'er I be,
If Thy love will grant the favour,
  I will try and watch with Thee!

The Great Privilege.

I cannot come to you, my Christian brethren, to urge upon you to-day the *duty* of watching for souls. It is a *privilege*. It is a privilege which cannot be described. We cannot make it known upon earth, because we know so little of heaven, and so little of God. But be sure of one thing—that when God permits you to be workers together with Him, fellow-labourers with Him; when He commands you to count it all joy if you fall into divers trials, and He says, "To you it is given also to suffer with Christ;" when God gives you the privilege of watching companionably with Him, of working with Him, nay, of being a fellow-labourer with Him in behalf of His own children, do I need to urge a motive of duty, or a motive of interest? It seems to me that any one who acknowleges himself redeemed by the blood of Christ; any one who remembers the bitterness of his own sin; any one who knows the joy of his own soul; any one who ever felt in his closet gratitude unutterable to Him who loved him, and gave Himself for him—it seems to me that any such one will feel all his thought and memory, and every impulse of his sanctified heart, rising up to spur him on to fidelity, to labour to work in the kingdom of Jesus Christ, for the days that remain.—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

'Tis sweet to see the early dawn
  Come smiling o'er the hills,
But sweeter far to see a soul
  When love its bosom thrills.

'Tis sweet to see a waking child—
  Its first, fond look of love,
But sweeter far to see a soul,
  Glance its first look above.

'Tis sweet to see a drooping flower
  Unclose its fragrant leaves,
But sweeter far to see the heart,
  Unfold as it believes.

We watch for health, for fame and wealth,
  But, O, by love set free,
May we life's sweetest blessing know
  Through watching Lord with Thee!

Idealistic Christians.

"We appear to be just waking up to it as a discovery, that the blessing and upraising of the masses are the fundamental interests of society—a discovery, however, which is only a proof that the life of Jesus has, at length, begun to penetrate society and public history. It is precisely this which is working so many and great changes in our times; giving liberty and right to the enslaved many, seeking their education, encouraging their efforts by new and better hopes, producing an aversion to war, which has been the fatal source of their misery and depression, and opening, as we hope, a new era of comfort, light, and virtue in the world. It is as if some higher and better thought had visited our race—which higher thought is the life of Jesus. The schools of all the philosophers are gone, hundreds of years ago, and all their visions have died away into thin air; but the poor man's Philosopher still lives, bringing up His poor to liberty, light, and character, and drawing the nations on to a brighter and better day." —*Horace Bushnell.*

"I think the wickedest people on earth are those who use a force of genius to make themselves selfish in the noblest of things; keeping themselves aloof from the vulgar and the ignorant, and the unknown; rising higher and higher in taste, till they sit, ice upon ice, on the mountain top of eternal congelation.

Now as we ascend the hills of improvement, those who are poor and needy are not to hear our voices chanting ever further and further in the distance. No! by our singing we are to win others upward to the same heights to which we aspire."—*Rev. Ward Beecher.*

WE cannot conclude these papers without saying a few words to those whom for want of a better term we may call *Idealistic Christians.* How many are there, who, while deploring the badness of the times, and the decay of all true religion, seem to live only to nurse their own ideals, and cynically condemn all who in their judgment, often a very shallow one, fall short of them. Such persons seem only to live to bewail the waste of selfishness and the misery surrounding them, but do little or nothing by their example to remove the former or mitigate the latter. The sweet modest flowers, the growth of Christian influence, which bloom all around them hidden in many a silent nook—yield them no refreshment, because they are too indifferent, indolent, or proud to seek them out? and a cheaper, easier, and more ready way to a limited fame and indirect self-laudation is found in the exercise of verbal sorrow, or affected cynicism. What Mr. Ruskin says in reference to a false ideal in art, may well apply to such: "Casting about for sources of interest in senseless fiction, instead of human histories in the people around us, the prolongations from age to age of romantic historical deceptions instead of sifted truth; the pleasures taken in fanciful portraits of rural or romantic life in poetry on the stage, without the smallest effort to rescue the living rural population of the world from its ignorance or misery; the excitement of the feelings by laboured imaginations of spirits, fairies, monsters, and demons, issuing in *total blindness of heart and sight to the true presenting of beneficent or distinctive spiritual powers around us.*" Of this spirit the same writer says, "Nature never unveils her beauty to such a gaze; she keeps whatever she has done best close sealed, until it is regarded with reverence;" and of this same spirit in another place he says:—"Night after night, the desire of such an ideal springs up in every idle human heart; and night after night, as far as this idleness can, we work out this desire in costly lies." We paint the faded actress, build the lath landscape, feed our benevolence with fallacies of felicity, and satisfy our righteousness

with the poetry of justice. The time will come when, as the heavy folded curtain falls upon our own stage of life, we shall begin to comprehend that the justice we loved was intended to have been done *in fact*, and not in *poetry*, and the felicity we sympathized in, to have been bestowed and not feigned. We talk much of money's worth, yet perhaps may one day be surprised to find that what the wise and charitable European public, gave to one night's rehearsal of hypocrisy,—to one hour's pleasant warbling of Linda or Lucia,—would have filled a whole Alpine valley with happines, and poured the waves of harvest over the famine of many a Lammamoor."—*Ruskin.*

These are scorching words, but by many richly deserved, and if those who frequently condemn the working classes at a distance, instead of standing aloof and idly moaning over the their sceptical tendencies, would seek to know them better and let them see their Christianity in conduct as well as theory, they would soon find that their hearts are not so impervious to its influence as they imagine.

God flings His beauty everywhere,
  With rich, prolific hand,
It clothes the earth, it fills the air,
  The life of all that's grand;
His active life for ever lives
  With beauty all aglow;
The best which He for ever gives
  His beings overflow.

His beauty gilds His throne with light,
  No eye but His can see,
Sparkles with ever fresh delight
  Upon life's crystal sea;
It shines upon a seraph face
  With soft pellucid ray;
Gives to an insect's wing its grace
  While hasting to decay.

The brow of night its lustre wears
  With unobstrusive ray,
Through morning's eyelids wet with tears,
  It shows the pledge of day;
We see it smiling on the hills,
  And in the rocks which frown,
We trace its light in sparkling rills,
  And torrents hurrying down.

But most of all God's beauty shines
  Where patience bows her head,
And faith oft weeps but ne'er repines,
  When most her hope seems dead;
Mid courts and alleys, mansions fair,
  And streets which wealth oft flies,
God's beauty greets us everywhere,
  Where love anoints our eyes.

Christ leaving the Prætorium;

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE GREAT PICTURE, PAINTED BY M. GUSTAVE DORÉ.

THE picture does not require a very detailed description. The scene is laid amid the buildings reared by Herod the Great, and now (at the time represented), in the military occupation of the Roman Procurator of Judea. At a distance is seen one of the fortress-crowned hills, which compassed and girt in the City—Zion, Bezetha, Olivet—let each explorer name it for himself. The foreground is occupied by the mob, through which the Roman guard is sternly cleaving a path. The sordid forms of the malefactors who rear the cross are shadowed by that of a malignant figure, who, in his inability to meet the gaze of his victim, betrays the self-condemnation of him who was a thief, and kept the bag. Not far off there is another weird and eager form, strikingly like the Lazarus sketched by Michael Angelo for the great picture by Sebastian

del Piombo, now in the National Gallery—a figure that recalls to memory nine of the ten lepers that were cleansed. Above the group, of which these form part, stands the girl beforementioned, as eager to meet the eye of Christ as Judas is to avoid it. The path to be trodden to Calvary lies to the right of this group, almost barred by the cross. Roman soldiers, of stern mien, but of very different individual types of character, force back the crowd. A youth cries out, as if struck by the soldier who pushes him. Close by is the drooping, majestic, heart-broken figure of the Virgin-mother, robed in her traditional colours of pale blue and white. Of the women who, two mornings after, came very early to the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea, one has fainted, and another, a magnificently-drawn figure, casts herself on the ground. There are the very locks which Guido has given to Mary of Magdala, and which other painters have attributed to the Apostle John. The figure of the Virgin is a conception so dignified, touching, and truthful, as to be well called sublime. It would be the chief feature of any other picture; and of this, but for the yet diviner majesty that encircles the Christ; in whom may be recognised the graphic counterpart of the line "glimpses of His Father's glory shone." In the distance, half indistinct through the aerial perspective, and the gathering of the volcanic darkness, stands Pilate at the head of the steps. The Procurator is robed in a long toga of dusky red; and is marked by his gesture, not of washing his hands, as in some of the monkish pictures, but of waving off remonstrance and responsibility. Nearer to the spectator, and close behind the central figure, is a group of three of the Chief Priests—Joseph Caiaphas, gloomy in a malignant triumph; Ananus, or Annas, his aged father-in-law; and a third, seen in profile, John, or Alexander, or one of the kindred of the High Priest. In the rich attire of this group we are reminded of the jewelled collar of Dives, in the terrible picture by Teniers, in the Peel collection.

We have exhausted the secondary and subordinate per-

sonages of this great picture before mentioning the one which chiefly arrests the attention, and produces a sense akin to awe in the mind. The crown of thorns, the halo, the general cast of features, the form of the seamless garment, are all those of traditional, conventional art. But the figure itself is nothing short of an inspiration. The white colour, most appropriately, though, if we are not mistaken, now for the first time, given to the robe, the majesty of the figure, the sustained dignity of its movements, the divine trouble of the eyes, combine to form one of the very grandest conceptions yet brought forth by human genius. Whatever be the opinions, whatever be the creed of the painter, none but a deeply religious man could have produced such an incarnation of all that is noble in manhood. Alone among the *chefs d'œuvre* of Christian art, since the fresco of Leonardo da Vinci has faded on the wall, the Christ of Gustave Doré is the Christ of the Evangelists.

Francis Roubilliac Conder, Esq., C.E.

As the pale moon in yonder distant sky
Shows its pure face in silent majesty,
'Mid hurrying clouds when night is most forlorn,
Her sable robes by fury rent and torn;
While howling in its rage, the sea beneath
Lifts up its arms, and vainly strives to reach
That calm and pensive face, whose gentle light,
Reveals the storm and horrors of the night;
So stands revealed in human form that LOVE,
Which from its purpose, pain nor death could move.

As through the rifts of clouds on stormy night
There often steals a streak of silver light,
Which silent falls where waves in anger meet,
And o'er the turmoil moves with angels' feet,
And through the lustre of its own sweet life
Most gently sheds its beauty o'er the strife;
So through the darkness of wild passion's storm,
All calmly moves this fair and white-robed form:
Faith needs no mystic hand His name to trace,
She reads at once His glory in His grace.

As in some tangled wood 'mid sib'lant sounds,
Where every poisonous form of life abounds,
And piercing thorns, the rank, dark growth of death,
The birth of darkness and its fetid breath,
Some pale-faced lily lifts its drooping head,
A thing of joy, all other joys long dead,
The pensive beauty of the dark'ning years,
Sweet child of nature, birth-right of her tears,
So God's fair lily here shows its pure face,
'Mid the rank growth of our apostate race.

Art here yields much! but O, what hand could trace
The light of love which mantled Christ's own face;
The holy beauty that of thorn-clad brow
Where glory sits enthroned in rapture now;
The calm, sweet patience beaming through those eyes,
Before whose light the heavens in darkness flies;
The grace which trembles o'er those moving lips,
When like the sun in yonder sea it dips!
Or like the moon on some deep quiet sea,
It shines alone in pensive mystery.

And yet once seen this picture ne'er can die,
For ever painted on faith's loving eye,
Nor will a Christian heart forget the hour
When first was felt the magic of its power;
Before its teaching, faith must weep and pray,
Love sit and muse and melt in tears away;
"A picture only," some would say; most true;
But to the loving heart more comes to view;
And that sweet, meek-eyed victor over sin,
Once seen must live and reign for aye within.

O sacred brow so rudely pierced and torn!
O holy face of God's own beauty born!
When passion's brood assault my shrinking soul,
May Thy pure beauty all their rage control!
When through the ranks of this world's strength and might
I pass, and its wild crowds my heart affright,

O let my faith Thy gentle face behold,
And Thy calm majesty shall make me bold;
Star of the morning! through thy patient eyes,
May ever spring that light which passion flies!

When clouds of myst'ry all but drown my soul,
Wild storms of sorrow spurning all control;
When from its ambush, slander shoots its dart,
And undeserved reproach appals the heart;
When scoffing crowds my weary faith assail,
And in the conflict love and patience fail;
When friends forsake and love herself grows cold,
Still calm and silent may my faith behold
God's gentle lamb, as mid our sins and woes,
He dumb and patient to the slaughter goes!

When o'er faith's vision strange, dark, thoughts arise,
And troops of hell my faith take by surprise;
When unbelief comes near, and the cold steel
Of DOUBT upon the heart of love I feel;
When in the darkness of the lonely night
The lamps of reason yield no ray of light,
When higher climb the surging waves which drench,
And in their fury all my hope would quench;
And like a wreck, life's haven far away,
I helpless drift, and wait the break of day.

O from the deeps of this dark restless sea,
May I look up and Thy sweet face still see,
And in the light which ever dwelleth there,
Behold the death of doubt and every fear,
Reach that true faith which makes the timid brave,
And hope which lifts above the proudest wave;
And meek-eyed patience, which is ever calm,
And in the night exhales the sweetest balm,
And 'mid the darkness of each struggling year
Read out those purple lines which make all clear.

When looking through the present still I see,
The angry bands of Scribe and Pharisee;
Hell's warrior troops, with pride and strength elate,
And mad with rage and stern and changeless hate;

The jeering rabble of the aimless schools,
The drunken madness of imbruted fools,
All heaving like a sweltering, restless, flood,
Still following HIM, and crying for His blood;
O may my faith still look in this calm face
And there the death of senseless malice trace!

And when life's future darkens on my view,
The warriors of the cross but faint and few;
While crowds of foes faith's drooping form assail,
And hope of coming victory seems to fail;
Still moving on amid the surging throng,
The maddened hosts which still the fight prolong,
This white-robed warrior may my faith still see
Still calmly walking o'er the changeful sea,
His foes all lying on the distant shore,
All slain by *love* as they were slain before.

Personal Effort or, the Great Want.

SUPPOSE that the veil of night were to be lifted off any of our great towns, would there be nothing, to be seen, think you, but what we should be proud of as a Christian nation? Think of the lawless dwellings, think of the drinking that goes on. Go out and look at those figures that flit along the corners of the streets, under the dim lamps—those are women: those once were women, temples they should be of grace, and purity, and holiness, and man has made them something else. Is there nothing in these things to make us ashamed? In the ignorance that is amongst us is there nothing? In the awful contrast between the rich and the poor is there nothing? The rich in his dwelling, every part of which is stuffed with comforts, so that no ache nor pain may visit him, no slenderest want go unsupplied; and the poor without a bed to lie on, with no attempt to care for his children, with no hope in this world to lift him up and make him care, are these things nothing? I tell you, dear friends, they ought to make us deeply grieve and humbly pray. Men and brethren, what shall we do? Sin so rife amongst us,

and Christ so potent and so good. Oh, if it should be your fault, or my fault, that Christ has not found his way—I speak it reverently—that the news of Christ has not been carried to those poor creatures, whom it might have cheered, we ought to grieve and be ashamed, and humble ourselves before Him, and we ought to say, "How shall we mend it in the future?" Now, my friends, I have dwelt very much upon this subject of sin, first, because, as I said, it is the foundation of religion to feel sin; and next, because those outside who fight against Christianity know that this is the point round which the battle must rage, *for sin and redemption make up Christianity, and philosophy seeks to explain away sin, as it also seeks to deny or explain away redemption.—Archbishop of York.*

"Tempus Fugit."

BRETHREN, our days grow pale. The night itself is coming. Every day is now growing shorter and shorter. The sun shines less and less, and the night grows longer and longer. Our night is coming. And if we have anything to do for Christ, anything for our children, anything for those that are in our employment, anything for our neighbours, anything for the poor and the outcast, we must do it quickly. For you soon will go. The messenger has started for some of you, and he is not long delaying for any. And if when you go up, you shall have done nothing, and you shall enter heaven so as by fire, woe, woe is you! But who are they that fill the air and throng the battlements? They are the rejoicing spirits that come to greet him whose whole life has been watching with Christ, and who is coming up thither to receive the benediction, "Enter, welcome, good and faithful servant."

May the work of your life be the best work of which your whole life is capable; and may the best work of your life be that which you register on the souls of those that but for you would have perished without light, and without knowledge, and without salvation.—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

PASSMORE AND ALABASTER, PRINTERS, 31, LITTLE BRITAIN.

1/1